

the Industrial Pioneer

ay, 1926

25 cents



Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

¶ The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

¶ Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

¶ We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

¶ These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

¶ Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

¶ It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.





The Industrial Pioneer

Edited by John A. Gahan

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MAY, 1926

Whole Number 37

| | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|----|
| MAY (All Wealth To The Toilers!) | BERMUNKAS CALENDAR | 1 |
| STRIKE! (Cartoon) | JERGER | 2 |
| TWO POEMS FOR WORKERS | HENRY GEORGE WEISS | 3 |
| PAVING, SLAVING AND SAVING | J. A. MacDONALD | 4 |
| THE MAY DAY SPIRIT (Cartoon) | JERGER | 10 |
| WHERE ARE THE RADICALS OF YESTERDAY? | ROBERT WHITAKER | 11 |
| THE WORLD WILL (Poem) | COVINGTON AMI | 13 |
| WHAT LIFE MEANS TO A WORKER | CLIFFORD B. ELLIS | 14 |
| THE BIG "I" IN ITALY (Cartoon) | JERGER | 19 |
| MUSSOLINI: FAILING STRONG MAN | ARTURO MATTEOTTI, Jr. | 20 |
| BUSINESS MANAGER'S STATEMENT | JAMES SULLIVAN | 23 |
| WOMAN AND CHILDHOOD | EUGENE V. DEBS | 24 |
| EDITORIALS | JOHN A. GAHAN | 26 |
| THE CURSE OF CALIFORNIA | A SPECTATOR | 33 |
| A MAY DAY MESSAGE | C. E. PAYNE | 39 |
| TO BRITISH LABOR (Poem) | ROBERT WHITAKER | 40 |
| BOOK REVIEWS | PAUL CONRAD, WARREN LAMSON, OSCAR JOHNSON, MAX STERNE | 41 |
| THE SLAVE (A Story) | HENRY GEORGE WEISS | 45 |
| WOBBLES | T-BONE SLIM AND OTHERS | 48 |

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STRIKE!

A May-Day Sport

By Jerger





TWO POEMS FOR WORKERS



By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

MAY DAY

This day is holy, dedicate
 To Freedom and to Freedom's sons
 Who marched against the tyrant state
 And dared the anger of its guns.

They sleep in many lands apart,
 The martyred dead who could not sleep
 In life, because the bleeding heart
 Of all the nations made them weep.

Ah, terrible their anger was,
 And pitiful the love they bore;
 They gave their lives up to the Cause
 And perished in the classes' war.

Now pregnant in their dust they speak
 To millions marching to the fray,—
 No longer humble, blind, and meek,—
 Upon the Workers' First of May!



FREEDOM

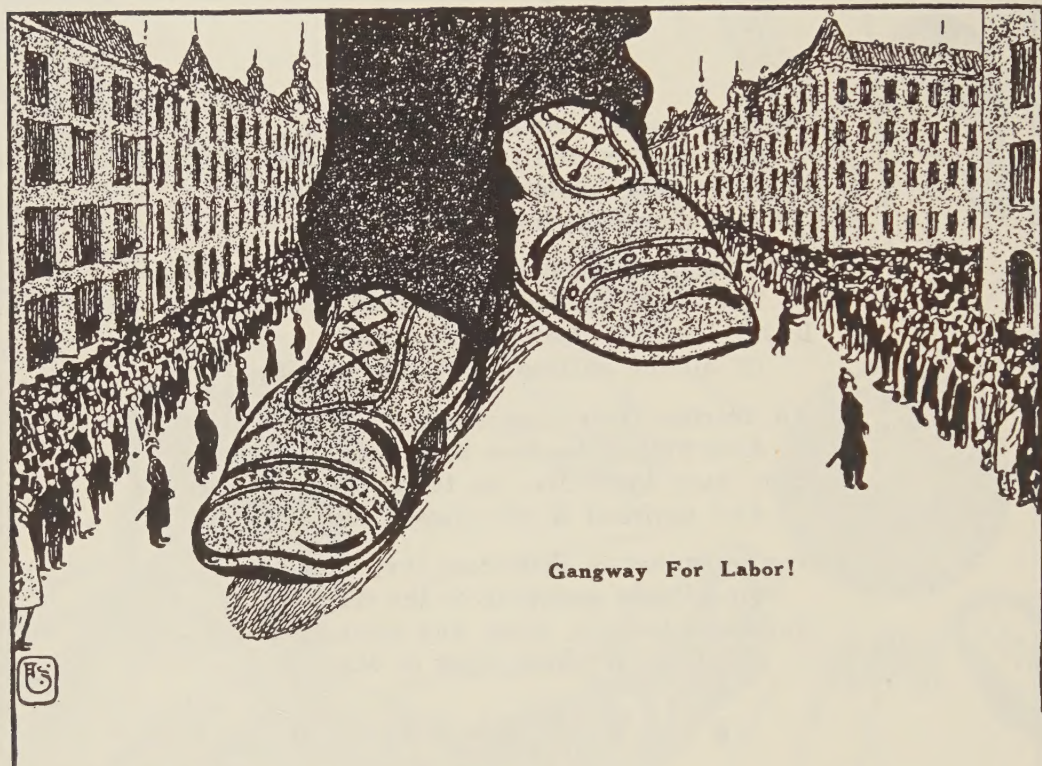
You are not free! They lie who tell you so!
 Do you not beg for work to buy your bread?
 Do freemen have to beg? My brothers, no!
 Theirs is the right to work and go full fed.
 When human beings walk with humble tread
 Before the one who owns the job they crave,
 When crying babes go supperless to bed,
 Their freedom is the freedom of the slave!

You are not free until yourself you own
 The tools and mills on which your lives depend:
 Give back into their teeth the mocking lie.

Unite as one! and sweep them overthrown
 From palaces of gold, unto the end
 That **they** may work and eat, or loaf and die!

Paving, Slaving and Saving

By J. A. MacDONALD



Gangway For Labor!

LABOR is holy." It is necessary to be holy to go to heaven. Consequently, dearly beloved, the greatest sin that the workers can commit is not to organize to divide the work with the bosses, as if the workers do all the work themselves, they automatically condemn their bosses to go to hell. A whole retinue of evils can arise from a single evil cause. If the workers commit the sin of not dividing the work with their bosses, hell will be unpaved with good intentions, for what worker does not know that the bosses have no good intentions.

Funny things will happen when one tickles a typewriter under the chin, things that are utterly unexpected, as unexpected in fact as if it were a typist whose chin was tickled. For instance here I was starting to write an article for the Industrial Pioneer, and instead I land right in the middle of a theologic digression, and the fact that "Hell is paved with good intentions." The letter from the religious enthusiast, who has learned that I am in Timmins, Ontario, came with the letter from the editor, and contained this quotation. God and Gahan both wanting me to do something for them was very encouraging, although it ill conformed with my natural inertia; some who are ill-minded might even call it laziness. I leave it to the reader

to decide whether the effort of our religious friend to bring the lost sheep—in this case a very hard headed old ram—back into the fold is promising success, from this article. I would save the reader that trouble, only unlike some writers I do not write the last portions of my articles first. It might be a good method, except that I never know where an article is going when I start it.

But to get back. "Hell is paved with good intentions." The quotation is intriguing, because I do not know what it means. Can it mean that good intentions are not necessary to get to heaven? or that hell, having to be paved with good intentions, the workers will have to organize for the job in the next world if they have not the sense to organize



THE SLAVES WILL LIVE LIKE THIS—

in this? Quotations such as that about the early worm that got eaten because it did not have the good sense to sleep late, and "Hell is paved with good intentions" always did worry me.

But if hell is paved with good intentions, so also are the workshops and the workhouses of this world paved with the good intentions of workers to cease working, to become independent, even to have other workers creating wealth for them to enjoy. If the hopes of the workers were possible of achievement, this would be an altogether delightful world, with everyone enjoying the fruits of labor, and no one doing any work. There is a peculiar thing about the working class: every worker is just a little more brainy, a little more cunning, a little more conniving than any of the others, and he is sure, by virtue of these manifold abilities, that he is going to break out of the wall of enforced labor that surrounds him and make a jail delivery into the abundant pasturage of the capitalist class.

And this is reasonable, for hope springs eternal in the human breast, or is inoculated by the magazines and newspapers, the Broad Roads to Success and the prospectuses of mail order schools. I myself would long ago have written the Great American Novel except for missing the "School of Novel Writing," twenty dollars and twenty lessons.

No Lack of Hopes

Workers may lack soap or soup, but they seldom lack hope, abundant hopes. They not only have hope thrust upon them that they will all be bosses by and by, through the exercise of thrift in the present world, but hopes of future glory, where they will march with the spiked shoes of the logger or the brogans of the ditch digger on streets of gold, with boiling up cans at every corner, and fine jungles down by the railroad tracks, and play Jew's harps if they are Semites, accordions if they are Scandinavians, golden harps if they are Irish, but not bagpipes if they are Scotch—even heaven would be forced to draw the line on noise somewhere!

There are, for example, the hope and good intentions of that worker who ten years ago was going

to be a boss by saving his money, practicing rigid economy, avoiding wine, women and song. He has carefully avoided all these, for by and large the worker is more moral than his boss. Everyone knows this, but not so many are aware that the reason for it is that all the vices that are pleasant enough to be worth practicing are too expensive for workers. And for him virtue has its own reward, for he is now in the army of the unemployed, but his hopes are not blasted, they are as iridescent as ever. He is going to get a good job this Summer.

Alas, Poor Gypso

Then there are the hopes and good intentions of the gypso. Wise in his day and generation, he knew that the way to step to affluence and ease was along the trail of hard work and long hours on a contract to blast out the right of way or buck 'em by the thousand. Then he was going into business, hitch his wagon to a star, and so on.

He came into town with the firm intention of putting his money into the bank until the business opportunity came along. Alas, the banks were closed. A habit banks have of closing at three, and another habit blind pigs have of keeping open all night have kept many a gypso from being now a multimillionnaire. An outraged body and a brain missing the blood that was left on the logs, or in the rock cut, cries for just one drink. I do not blame him for wanting one drink. I approve of a gypso having all the drinks he wants and then two more cans. He is now feeling good, almost human again, and he is struck anew with his own acumen, his confidence revives as the bottom of the fourth bot—I mean can—is reached. Having discovered that prohibition is not a failure for the self-evident reason that it does not prohibit, he marches to the game with the step of a conqueror. There is a vacant chair let by another gypso who had just gone out of business, and he is now in



—UNTIL THEY DO THIS

the game with both feet and a series of four flushes dealt from the bottom of the deck.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," does not cover this situation. This man is a wise guy, not a darn-fool worker, but a contractor if you please. He did not know that he had been cold decked. How could he be expected to know when he had been playing a similar game with a boss for months, with the exception of that the boss used a contract where the tin horn used cards? Our friend has been paving hell with good intentions, and I suppose he is still doing it.

Then there was that other worker who was going to have a home of his own, a wife and children. That's the life! True love never runs smooth, for if it does run smooth it ends up in the grand slam of marriage. But for him it did not. His girl also had hopes. She had read so many stories of the beautiful young girls who had married money—and money even if it is bald-headed, grey-haired and decrepit, is still money. She waited for the grand adventure in which a woman sells her body for a home and comforts. In spite of the religious tracts which make vice all too easy and alluring, the market was flooded, and she is still a virtuous kitchen slave, and he is as poor as ever in all save good intentions.

The Separation of Labor

Examples could be multiplied of the various methods in which the migratory workers pave the hell of modern industry with their good intentions and abundant hopes. What need here to paint the life of the ten per cent who are unemployed, of the dog's life of the millions of casuals of industry, without homes except jungles, flop houses and box cars, without anything to tie them to life except the occasional job and hope? The migratory workers are not all of the working class, nor even the greater part of it.

Migratory workers see more of their own conditions than they do of those peculiar to others of their fellow workers. They are naturally most interested in the methods by which the bosses separate them from the job, the brakemen from their box cars, the bulls from their jungles, the doughnut factories from their dimes and the missions from their self respect if they will permit it.

There are workers who own their own homes, or the homes of someone else, either in conjunction with a landlord or a mortgage corporation, or outright.

There are workers who do marry. There are far more married workers than there are migratory workers. I do not say all can afford to marry who do. Heroes and heroines paving hell with good intentions are not confined to the battle fields, where the heroes fight for markets, and the heroines nurse them back to health so they will be in good condition to be shot to pieces. To some this proceeding may seem a waste of effort, but I would remind them that there are technical details in the

manufacture of certain kinds of fertilizer that seem foolish unless one is a technician. There are also heroes and heroines of industry who get married. Capitalism is not so foolish a system as to kill itself off in one generation for the lack of slaves for the next. Love, good intentions and hopes laugh at the meagerness of pay envelopes although the pay envelope gets the last laugh. Love is blind as a blind pig, but the darn thing unfortunately has a stomach—but this is one of the lessons not of love but of marriage. Marriages are made in heaven to supply paving for hell. The bosses supply the sulphur for the love match, and nature supplies the future crop of victims.

Gold! Gold!! Gold!!!

In this theological discussion of the various ramifications of the paving industry, we next come to the worker who saves money. Up to now we have been dealing with old propaganda in new form, but from now on we are forced by the logic of events into a field not often considered by radicals.

I will admit that for a worker to be able to save money is against all the current laws of economics, having at their base the formula that Labor produces all wealth, and that as a result all wealth by right belongs to those who do not produce, which is on the face of it a paradoxical statement until one learns who makes the current definitions of right and wrong. But nevertheless, I insist that workers sometimes do save money.

With the worker having on an average to produce six dollars in wealth for each dollar he receives in wages, most of the saving is of course done by the bosses. But, through a happy series of coincidences, workers sometimes do save money. Radicals may forget this, but bosses do not. A worker who saves money is in one way a menace to industry, because he would not work if he got too far ahead. A worker who does not work is unprofitable, except as one robs him of the little of the product of his labor which an industrial master has overlooked. In any event workers do save money, or the paying industry would not be so interesting a study as it is.

There is in Northern Ontario at the present time the greatest mining boom in its history. The rush to the Porcupine mining territory in which this article is written, is eclipsed. The papers of the continent are filled with it.

Gold has been found at Red Lake. Gold, for which men endure the heat of the deserts, the biting cold of the Arctic. Gold, for which men enter the infernos of the boiler rooms, or face the white and black damp of the coal mine, or blast in the underground stopes beneath the wildernesses.

Gold has been found in Red Lake. Gold, for which women are often forced to sell their virtue, a lesser commodity under our system. Gold for which men sacrifice their wives and lose the laughter of their children. Gold, the lure of a siren

for which men gamble health, limb, life everywhere.

Gold has been found at Red Lake. Gold that is the heaven of ease, bought with the hells of pain. Gold that is the emblem of our civilization. Gold that is the open sesame of all that we are and crave.

Gold was found at Red Lake. Gold that makes even the preacher of another world, also a world of gold, pray with a closed eye towards heaven and an open one focused on the contribution box. Gold for which the prostitute plies her trade and the banker his business. Gold for which men in the jungles and the heights of life alike lie and steal and kill.

Gold was found at Red Lake. Gold for which the politician has been known to sell his country, and for which the writers sell their souls. Gold, the noble metal—blood red with the blood of the workers of every country and of every age. Gold, the red Moloch on whose altar all that is noble and beautiful is crushed and crucified, reviled and defiled was found at Red Lake.

There is in the word itself an insane frenzy of all the baser motives of mankind. The streets of heaven are made of it, and so also as all the history of our class abundantly proves are the pavements of hell.

All the red lust of avarice were let loose. All the harpy things that eat at the heart of labor driving it to death awoke to a wilder voraciousness. Thousands went gold mad.

But not when the gold was found. It was then a carefully guarded secret. A few capitalists knew it, including the owners of the Hollinger, the MacIntyre, the Dome and other mines in this district which last year took over twenty-five million from the mines in the Timmins area. These staked on the findings of their prospectors, the reports of their experts, the suggestions of their geologists. The capitalists had theirs. Everything was now ready for the boom.

The big mining men sent their men by air ship to do assessment work. Then at the door of the worker who had saved money, Opportunity, face rouged, with a capitalist paper in her hand, knocked, and kept knocking. The man who had saved money bought his dog sled, his dogs, his supplies, paid the hold-up profit demanded, and rushed to Red Lake, as others of his kind had stormed the Yukon, trailed through South Africa, prospected Australia, braved the mountains, the deserts and the snows in other epics of gold. They rushed into Red Lake with hope and the blizzards and the lust for gold whipping their backs into superhuman effort. Arriving in Red Lake, he could take up a claim for a consideration, but not within twenty miles of where the gold was found. He could not have the reports of experts, the findings of geologists. But he had opportunity. The opportunity to look at boundless reaches of snow, and to guess

by the look of it where the gold lay underneath.

When the snow melts, he will probably discover that he owns development rights on a rock quarry that would be worth a fortune on the outskirts of Chicago, but unfortunately it is instead on the outskirts of Hudson Bay. Another material for the worker who has saved money to mix with good intentions as paving.

In the Spring the man who had been able to save money will be broke. Capitalism will have again functioned in accord with its mission of concentrating wealth into the hands of a few. The capitalist will not have to pay transportation for his workers. They will be there on the spot in such numbers that the wages will be delightfully low for the bosses.

Making a Fortune at Red Lake Without Going There

But the worker who has saved money will not need to go to Red Lake to make a fortune. Fortunes can also be made by buying Red Lake mining stocks (see prospectus—any of them). If no development work is done by the particular company one picks to make his fortune, the stock will be worthless, except for the promoters who are not waiting for such things as developments to collect what they consider to be their just due. But if the development work is done, and gold in far more than paying quantities is discovered, then of course the dream will have become true for the worker who saved his money and chose this way to wealth.

Some people are so credulous. Of course he will not. In spite of the best efforts of the officials and promoters of the company, it is highly probable that the story will become current that the property is valueless. To give this greater strength the mine will probably be closed down. The small investor will learn he has to put up more money or his stock will be a complete loss. The small investor now knows that he has been stung. Pay more money for a dead horse? The company is squeezed down to the few on the inside, and the "inside" is never the "ground floor." Then the mine is reopened, and to the surprise of everyone it is discovered that the mine is worth millions. Who has not met the man who missed being a multimillionaire by a hair's breadth? That is quite often the man who had saved a little money working and who thought he was investing in a mine when he was merely furnishing hopes and good intentions for a job of hell paving.

But there are occasional real opportunities for workers who have saved money to land on both feet in the mining industry. Sometimes I. W. W. members deny this, but I myself know a man who was a worker and is now the president of a mining company. The last time I met him I could see a look of disdain in his eye, because I had not risen in the world as he has. His name is on every share of the stock that is issued. He is the "whole

cheese" as he himself would once have expressed it. But when the government finds out the kind of mining company it is, the president will go to jail while the others will divide the money.

Workers save money, at least a few of them do, or how could real estate corporations pay as high as one hundred per cent dividends?

From this I do not wish it understood that I despise or hate real estate agents. I admire them. I like efficiency, ability, proficiency. And in spite of all arguments for politicians, writers of thrift and uplift magazines—who tell the workers how they can lift themselves up by their boot straps with a boss sitting on their backs—editorial writers and newspaper reporters, I still contend that a lie as it is handled by a real estate agent who knows his business, who is a master of all the intricacies of his art, is the supreme masterpiece of prevarication.

My admiration for real estate men is not a new thing; it is seasoned with years of experience. Watching them at work is a liberal education, which the mere inability to buy has never been able to deny me. I vividly remember some of these experiences on which my admiration for real estate men is based.

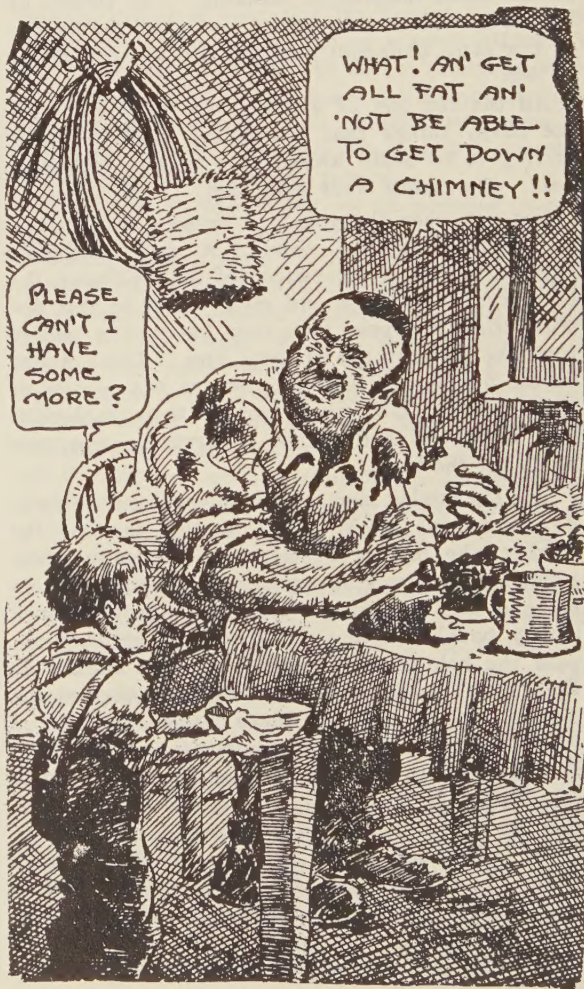
I had six dollars and thirty-two cents, my wife did not know I had yet (perfectly safe, as she never reads my articles anyway). With all that money I decided to look at some Vancouver real estate. The trip in the auto was not important, except that it was on that trip I realized that, with my lack of command of English, nature never intended me to be a speaker or writer.

Entirely surrounded by oratory we landed at a lot on the side of a hill on Vancouver Heights. There was a seven-foot stump on the lot, with its gigantic roots lovingly embracing the heart of British Columbia, just a nice year's work for an expert miner. The real estate man never noticed that stump. Before us was Vancouver Harbor in all its beauty, shining forth in spite of all man's efforts to disfigure it. He made the most of that harbor, and then was in the graciousness of his heart willing to let me have Vancouver Harbor and that lot for a thousand dollars. He did not own Vancouver Harbor but this was a mere quibble, for had he not sold it a thousand times before? He did not mention either that when he had sold the next lot, the view for which he was charging at least six hundred dollars would be confined to seeing the lady next door hanging out the family washing.

He told me it was a good "buy." I answered in the most casual and meaningless way that it was a good "sell," indeed, because normally I consider it very poor taste to correct anyone's grammar, this including some of my own. I told him that I would consider it, but unfortunately there was no time for consideration as he was going to sell it to another client that night.

But a worker who had saved money would see that it was a good buy, a view like that. He would build castles in the air there, and people them with wife and children. He would pay four hundred down and the rest he would promise to pay in three years and interest at eight per cent. With the possibilities of illness in the family, and the insecurity of employment at the end of three years the real estate man would again own the lot, and five or six hundred that had been paid on it. Then he would have his web spread for the next worker who had saved money, and for whom hope could be stretched into a golden rainbow with one end resting on that stump and the other end over Vancouver Harbor.

Here is something it is worth while to remember. It is not so profitable to sell real estate to a capitalist as it is to sell it to a worker who has saved a little money. The capitalist will not pay so much for it, and then when one has sold it to a capitalist it remains sold. On the other hand by selling to a worker one gets more than the price each time in first payment, and then gets eight per cent for three years, and then one can sell it again to



CAPITAL AND LABOR

another worker. There are almost infinite possibilities for workers to pave hell with merely one lot.

Another Graveyard of Hopes

Last year I was in Fort George, British Columbia, which is a town with not more than two thousand souls as the saying is although giving them all credit for souls is a poetic lapse into the ridiculous, made necessary by the absurdity of giving souls to some of the modern writers earlier in this article. But this at least is true, that Fort George was the graveyard of the hopes of at least ten thousand workers who had saved money, and who were to emancipate themselves from slavery through real estate there.

A man who was radically inclined, a reformed preacher by the way, who is now a reader of the Pioneer, and owns a taxi stand, brought me around to show me the Vision of Fort George of 1912, in the cold, grey light of 1925. We passed beside mile after mile of those lot stakes that mark these graves of dead ambitions, dead hopes, and dead good intentions. And still there were other vistas of other grave plots, for Fort George was as large as Chicago in territory in 1912 and '13. It was and is a New York of stakes with a puny Main Street at its center.

Then he showed me Birmingham, the industrial section of Fort George, where the many thousands of workers in the varied industries, in the factories, shops and boiler works were to supply the opulent wealth for the metropolis on paper. It was not new to me, merely a new angle, as in 1912, I had been doing newspaper work and had visioned the wonders of Birmingham through the glowing adjectives of real estate advertisers, and had with them seen the flames from blast furnaces fracture the night, and the clang of machines drowning the stars above Fort George. But now I saw the real Birmingham across the river, the naked bluffs ashamed of their nakedness, and the lots that had cost thousands of dollars with the stakes that marked them darkened until they were lost among the scrub spruce. The only industry there that we could find after painstaking investigation, was the industry of a cow that was trying to make a living under not too favorable circumstances. I had forty-two dollars, and as the fare to Vancouver was only twenty-nine, I was sorely tempted to buy the industrial city of Birmingham with the balance.

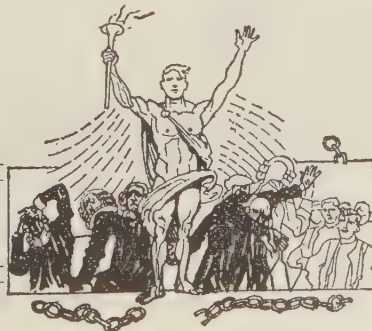
My religious friend who thinks that God is sending messages for me through him, that he has to work through intermediaries like the walker telling the straw boss so the straw boss can tell the worker—the oldest of the superstitions—tells me to be careful not to pave hell with my good intentions.

Organization: The Only Game We Can Win

I will not, brother. I know hopes are rather deceptive, and not very nourishing; that good intentions may be fine in their place, if one wants to pave hell for instance, but that there is only one game that the workers can play to win and that is the game of organization. Through it they can make this world not the hell of robbery and loot and outrage that it is, but a heaven of service, beauty, and progress.

I also have my religion, and a part of it is that the most contemptible crime a worker can commit is to steal from himself, his wife and children of the product of his labor to give to idlers. I also, in my weak way, would be an apostle of the Future in the mad welter of avarice, and extortion, in these last days of a dying and doomed social system that must also be the doom of humanity unless the workers organize for life in the midst of the chaos that darkens all around. I also know that Saint Peter, grand old fighter that he is described, could have but the stormiest of contempt for workers who tried to cringe and crawl into heaven after cringing and crawling before the robbers and looters of the earth. As slaves who are willing to be slaves are the lowest of created things, so is nature's greatest work a slave forced erect by the determination to be free, with the confidence of a solidarity wider than any other and the song of progress and the future on his lips, the noblest and most God-like thing that nature has produced. He has already achieved immortality, because he has already become a part of the future. The religion of any man who would live in this world, see its crimes against the children of the mills, its clubbing of women, its robbery of the useful and the creative, and do or say nothing to expose those evils and to cure them, and then try to sneak into heaven is too contemptible and detestable a religion for me.

The paving of hell with good intentions is an unorganized industry. It's a scab job. It needs the I. W. W. to put a stop to it.



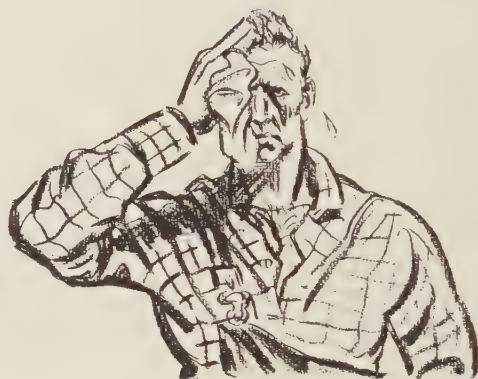
THE MAY-DAY SPIRIT



By JERGER



LABOR HAVING SLAVED DUTIFULLY
THRU'OUT THE YEAR —



—GETS OUT FROM UNDER,—WIPES
THE STINGING SWEAT FROM
HIS TIRED EYES, AND—



THE IDLE-RICH,
(FEARFULLY), "COME...COME...
...PLEASE...BE A GOOD
FELLOW...GO BACK TO
WORK!!"



—GIVES THE PARASITIC JOY-RIDERS A FED-UP ONCE OVER!

JERGER

Where are the Radicals of Yesterday?

By ROBERT WHITAKER
(Editor, THE OPEN FORUM)

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the Socialist Party in the United States of America was just getting under way effectively, and had all the vigor and hopefulness of youth. Many comrades were confident that Eugene V. Debs would be elected President of the United States, possibly by 1912, quite certainly not later than 1916. Even more conservative comrades who smiled at this superficial optimism, and in the light of history read more soberly the charts of prophecy, were more than half persuaded that the social millennium was at hand. Did not the vote for Debs mount from one election to another in a way to encourage the expectation that political socialism might speedily become a most influential factor in our state and national legislatures? And beyond the political field came the yet more promising movement of the workers under the leadership of the Industrial Workers Of The World, and kindred organizations, toward the realization of economic solidarity. Even the farmers of the Northwest created an agricultural organization which seemed likely to carry to a success far beyond anything the Populists or Greenbackers had previously realized the revolt of the American farmer against capitalist exploitation. There were many clouds on our American horizon which gave promise then of covering the heavens and breaking in such outpourings of popular wrath and democratic action as would sweep away the money oligarchy of America without the necessity of any such violent collisions of power as accompanied the passing of the slave oligarchy in the period of our great Civil War.

It is true that in the midst of this general optimism on the part of progressives generally Jack London published his pessimistic story of "The Iron Heel." We read it with that interest and admiration which all of his work elicited then among the radicals of America, who counted London's popular success in the fields of literature, maintained as it was side by side with outspoken devotion on his part to the cause of the social revolution, as one of the encouraging signs that the people were rapidly coming our way. Even the bourgeoisie did not refuse to read him, and his "People Of The Abyss," and the shorter but more challenging, "What Life Means To Me", in which he poured out his contempt on the comfortable classes and openly ranged himself with the world's proletariat, rejoiced our hearts with the persuasion that the world's workers were at last entering into their own. The sensational success of Upton Sinclair's famous expose of the Chicago stock yards in "The Jungle," and the enormous subscription list of **The Appeal To Reason** were added reasons for taking London's pessimistic anticipations of what the American money oligarchy was likely to do as but the indulgence on his part of his love of the dramatic and the horrific. We took his warning kindly enough, but with no serious anticipation that his imaginations were ever likely to become realities, but were the justifiable exaggerations of a novelist's dream.

That which has happened to us is worse in a way than that which London portrayed. At least his workers were alive, and their defeat was not

in themselves but in the overwhelming physical forces which were utilized against them.

People Indifferent to Class War Prisoners

Nothing of the kind has happened, because nothing of that sort has been necessary. There were plenty of indications in the quarter century before London wrote that the American money lords were willing enough to turn upon the workers with ruthless fury and wipe them out wholesale, as the story of Homestead will recall. Such willingness toward unmitigated violence in their own interests is obvious enough on the part of the big capitalists today. But they have had no occasion to call upon their resources for destruction of the working class. The workers, especially since the days of the world war, have fallen into a mass apathy, and even an active self-complacency of acquiescence in the capitalist regime which is worth more to the American plunderbund than would be an army of a million men enlisted on their behalf if the workers as a whole were awake to their own interests and banded together in working class solidarity.

Mooney and Billings are still in jail, and there is no serious effort on the part of the American workers to get them out today. In California, not only have these two unjustly imprisoned champions of labor lost their fight to arouse the people on their behalf, but scores of their fellow industrial agitators lie unheeded in San Quentin and Folsom, and the popular indifference concerning their fate is as impenetrable as the walls of these capitalist

bastiles themselves. A flurry of interest rises for a moment when a cultured and highly connected woman like Anita Whitney is threatened with actual incarceration at San Quentin, but the flurry is as inconsequential as a desert wind, and dies down to the deadness of utter drought again as soon as the case is referred back to the interminable dilly dallying of the courts. The public watches the performance with about as much interest as a village store-keeper exhibits in the play of a cat with a mouse.

Meanwhile the Progressive bloc in the American Congress is a joke, the Democrats join forces with the Republican looters and accept practically the whole program of Wall Street as dictated to the party in power as if they were themselves the primary political beneficiaries of it. Calvin Coolidge, the obviously most inconsequential figure the presidency has known in all its history and the most openly subservient instrument of the capitalist class who has served in that conspicuous place since American capitalism overthrew the slaveocracy of the South, is more popular than any American president has ever been in his own day for at least a hundred years, and the sweep of American reaction is such that Fundamentalism in the churches, and the triumph of bootlegging in the community at large are the items of chief popular interest just now. There is vastly more interest on the part of the workers in the United States in free beer than there is in free thought, and the one time leaders of radical agitation in America are now engaged in promoting health fads, various and sundry money-making concessions, lecturing for or against prohibition of the liquor traffic, or making good their own economic security out of the widespread "prosperity" which we have achieved for the hour because of our position as the credit-giving nation of the world, than they are in the now utterly disheartening endeavor to awaken the forces of democracy here, and consolidate labor on its own behalf.

If I have drawn the picture darkly, nothing that I have said is as discouraging as the facts themselves. Only the statement as I have made it might seem to have in it a note of cynicism and despair of human nature, as if the facts were the fault of human beings who have fallen down in their enthusiasms of years ago, and have abandoned their convictions out of sheer human infidelity to a great cause and the opportunities of the hour. I want to avoid any such conclusion from the frank setting forth of the situation which I have made.

There is nothing in the American situation in particular, or the world situation as a whole which calls for any despair concerning man, or any cynicism toward the Great Cause. We simply have been slow to get away from the notion that our job was merely a matter of whooping it up sufficiently for an ideal, and thereby putting it

over. We have all been preachers too much, and scientists too little. And so we are yet. Even our scientists, so far as we commonly go in the use of that term, are mere chatterers of childish idealism when it comes to the social question. Their present-day fads on lines of the new Malthusianism, drawn properly enough from an English preacher who wrote at the end of the Eighteenth Century, the sort of stuff that Wiggam gets off at Five Hundred Dollars a lecture, and Stoddard makes into Harold Bell Wright ethnological fiction, has a tremendous vogue just now because American "scholarship" is eager for anything that will look like solving the economic issue without making a really economic approach to it. Real science, as applied to the central human problem, that of managing our material affairs in the common interest, is hardly existent in America today. But the preachments have broken down, except this pseudo-science which I have pilloried above, and as for the rest it is mainly a matter of getting a living for a few people who can make more money preaching "new psychology," "new thought," or some other newly phrased idealism than they can make in the industrial world.

"Out of Chaos New Worlds Are Born"

The radicals of yesterday were most of them but preachers, after all. I use the term "preachers" here in no restricted sense, as applying to the "men of the cloth" particularly, nor am I thinking of the fact that many of the prominent platform men of the American Socialist movement were men who had been pulpiteers before they became soap-boxers. The rationalists are quite as much preachers as are the churchmen, inasmuch as they also concern themselves mainly with words and ideas and not with actual economic organization and evolution. The more virulent persecution directed against the I. W. W. has been due in large part to the fact that preaching was less prominent with them, and "action" more emphasized.

The present slump is much more a slump in preaching than it is a backset in economic evolution toward a different world order. There has been really no backset, but an enormous advance. Capitalism could not be stopped by a lot of pretty talk, whether it was in terms of German "democracy," or in Fabian English, or in political Americanism. The effort to slow up appreciably the development of world capitalism by either oratory or balloting was bound to be brushed aside. Doubtless it has its evolutionary place, and the work of yesterday, even if it was mainly immediately futile will probably prove to have contributed something to the building up of those understandings which are yet to prevail. But on the whole understanding must wait on the movement of life itself. And what we are witnessing now is a movement of the life of capitalism such

as laughs to scorn those who would just talk against it, or ruthlessly suppresses them and makes the indulgence in radical oratory too expensive for anybody but a real revolutionist, with whom oratory is likely to be at a discount anyway. Yet is this increasing momentum of world capitalism the very thing which is hastening it to its destruction, and bringing to pass a world situation in which direct action by the workers on a world scale cannot be long deferred. We are in the trough of the waves just now, descending from the top crest of idealistic radicalism, which was broken and shattered by the world war and its aftermath, and not yet far up on the coming wave

of actual class collision in which the most conservative of the workers are going to be forced to save themselves by crashing against world capitalism. And when that crash comes there will be found leaders again, who will talk no longer in terms of political idealism but will deal with the situation as organizers and administrators of the economic power of the working class. But mark you, this is not a day of retreat, it is a day of tremendous and irresistible advance toward the realization of the world empire of labor. The talkers have fallen away. "But the workers are beginning to emerge in a united front that will encompass the globe.

THE WORLD WILL

By COVINGTON AMI

Hear me, ye who sit in purple splendor 'round old Mammon's throne!
 Hear me, all ye sons of Moloch, ye who make the Race to mourn!
 Hear me, too, ye pand'ring statesmen guarding where their black flag waves!
 Hear me, too, ye tinselled Marshals heading their embattled slaves!
 Hear me, all ye hireling teachers, all ye priesthoods who have sold
 Truth, the Holy Spirit, and have turned Love's glowing words to gold!
 Hear me, all ye House of Mammon, all who bend at Moloch's shrine,
 We, the Workers, soon are coming in a fury all divine!

Heart-aflame and by love driven, nation-parted now no more,
 We are gathering for the battle that the Seers foretold of yore;
 From all peoples we are coming, from the field, mine, wood and town,
 And the fight shall not be ended till the Servile State goes down:
 There shall be, when we have finished, for all children home and hearth,
 And the songs of happy mothers shall be heard throughout the Earth;
 There shall be no fallen women, there shall be no broken men,
 There shall be no homeless outcasts on the broad Earth's bosom then.

All the steel that now surrounds you, naked-handed we shall break;
 All the laws that now protect you, these as nothing we shall make;
 All the words of your false prophets unto you shall be as dust,
 And the spider seal the temples where your stricken idols rust;
 All your gilded, glittering savagery our hands shall sweep away,
 And the maidens ye have ruined shall demand of you their pay;
 All your monstrous art shall perish from the Earth's insulted plain,
 All your reeking hovel cities shall go back to hell again!

There shall be no King above us, there shall be no Slave below,
 There, in Labor's grand Republic, only freedom we shall know!
 We are gathering, we are coming, far and wide the World around,
 Truth the north star of our legions, all the Earth our battleground!
 Rising, coming in love-anger, moving forward by its light,
 Coming, coming hungry-hearted for the last, decisive fight!
 Coming, coming from our thralldom, coming victors over all! —
 We have heard the World Will speaking!—We have heard the Race Soul call!

WHAT LIFE MEANS TO A WORKER

The Story of the Past Winter Semester
at the Work Peoples' College



II

By CLIFFORD B. ELLIS

Instructor at
Work Peoples' College

II



HEY had seen much in life. They wanted to know its meaning—to interpret it in terms of their own experience. They were a motley gathering. There were over seventy men and a few women—all of the working class. Some were sailors who had sailed the seven seas and been in half the ports of the earth. Some came from the mines of Montana and Wyoming. There were shepherders from the sage-plains of the Far West. There were craftsmen of various trades. Saskatchewan and Alberta sent their contingent and there were boys who had followed the cycle of the harvest from Texas to the Dakotas, and who knew every yard bull and hard-boiled "push" from Denver Bob and Ole of Ashland to Maricopa Slim of Arizona and Jimmy Under-the-belt of Minnesota. One had beaten his way in the dead of winter from far Saskatoon, with his tuition money concealed upon his person. There was just enough money to make it. There was nothing left over for railroad fare. It was below zero. Much of the way he had to ride outside, exposed to the icy blasts of an almost arctic winter. But he was there. Such is the thirst for education among the workers.

The bell tinkled in the long hall. From the dormitories down the stairs came a rush of many feet and they gathered in the class rooms, eager, expectant, in search of the knowledge that would aid in the struggle to break the shackles of slavery that bound their class. They had saved and skimped and foregone many comforts to get together the price of this season of study and here they were. The winter semester of the Work Peoples' College was open.

Internationalism of I. W. W. Shown

Only the I. W. W. could have inspired such a gathering. In one group of nine English-speaking students there were represented Sweden, Ireland, Canada, Scotland, Germany, Finland, Russia, America and England. They were of various ages from pink-cheeked twenty to grizzled forty-five. Some had a primary education; some had passed the grammar grades, and a very few had advanced even further. But in all there persisted the same conviction. The capitalistic interpretation of life was false to the workers' interests and perverse of truth. The school of hard knocks had taught them that. They wanted to undo the evil of the years and get re-oriented—to understand with Jack London, "what life means to me."

Through the windows and from the grounds about the College is the vista of Spirit Lake and its island-dotted surface. Now it was a-shimmer with ice and snow, across which the sun cast its crimson bars. Each island rose from the snowy surface of the lake, a sugar-loaf of glistening white, with dark traceries of leafless boughs fringing its shore like filmy lace. Northward lay the city of Duluth; across the lake the dim outlines of buildings gave a hint of the city of Superior; around a bend in the lake shore lay Gary, the model city of the Great Steel Baron, where everything from human morals to molasses is cut to measure and adjusted to suit the dictatorial tastes and interests of the master. Its children are born in the shadow of smoke-stacks and church spires and live their lives between the alarm-clock, the hum of the machines and, of a Sunday, the droning of cut-to-fit steel trust sermons; for Jesus and Gary are in alliance here. Nothing is allowed to happen in this model village that does not chime with steel profits.

How The Instruction Is Given

And under the very shadow of this steel trust citadel, it was the function of the Work Peoples' College to teach the neglected truths of capitalist production and how it affects the workers. These workers have traversed thousands of miles for that. They had paid their hard-earned dollars for that. They had, in many cases, endured the hardships of box-car transit to reach the College for the attainment of this knowledge.

How could this be accomplished? Economics and sociology are not easy subjects to teach or to acquire. If scholars of careful training find Marx, the sole capable exponent of capitalist production, difficult and obscure, how were these men to be expected to grasp his difficult analysis of value and surplus value? How could the complex problems of sociology, with their roots in human origins and psychology be made clear to these men whom capitalistic greed had forced from school at the very dawn of life?

The first lesson of the morning session was in economics. The class period was from eight to nine o'clock. We opened with the reading in class of Mary E. Marcy's "Shop Talks on Economics." Its words are simple. Its lessons are direct. They reflect the daily experience of the worker. The students read each a paragraph at a time. From the blackboard the instructor followed step by step, turning now and then to the board to illustrate in graphic outline some cogent lesson of the text. The students were earnest and attentive. They did not laugh when some reader stumbled over an unfamiliar word. They were there to help, not to ridicule.

Making The Grade To Marx

At nine-fifty the session bell sent its tinkling summons through the halls and the classes filed out to realign themselves in other classes, or to repair to their rooms for an interval of study. The courses were elective. In the twenty class-room hours per week which constituted the elective course of the average student, English grammar and composition, arithmetic, translation, public speaking, bookkeeping and secretarial work, organization and History of American Labor were among those included in the courses selected by most of the students.

In the History of American Labor, Perlman's and Commons' texts were used selectively as sources, but broad discursions were made to include a comprehensive survey of the labor union movement of America from its beginnings down to contemporary unionism. Here comparative studies were made of the American Federation of Labor, its structure and methods, the I. W. W. in history, theory and practice, and contemporary communism. The utmost latitude for discussion was allowed and much clearer conceptions of the various movements were the result of the studies. The history of revolutionary crises was introduced and their economic causes traced. The famous dictum of Fellow Worker J. A. McDonald seemed to prevail, that "a proletarian revolution is possible in a nation of smokestacks but it can not occur in a nation of haystacks."

In economics the introductory course in Marcy's pamphlet furnished an outline sufficient to accustom the student to logical methods of study. A few weeks of this discipline, a period of defin-



Students At Work In Classroom

ing terms and accustoming the student to individual application and research, and then the class was introduced to the text of Marx's "Capital." Paragraph by paragraph, chapter by chapter, from "Commodities" to "Modern Theory of Colonization," the first volume was read and digested. At first by reading in class, then by direct instruction and questions, and finally the entire volume was reviewed step by step by interpretative lectures on the text with blackboard demonstrations.

There is an interval in each mid-forenoon and mid-afternoon during which the students repair to the big kitchen where coffee simmers on the great range and a light lunch is laid out for all to help themselves. It breaks the monotony of class-room tension and lends a social atmosphere of home to the daily routine. At noon the community dining room with its long tables is filled with hungry students and again at six o'clock, dinner is served. The food is wholesome and plentiful. From the dinner hour until bed-time coffee is kept piping hot on the kitchen range and the students are at liberty to help themselves at will.

Sociology, Biology, Anthropology

The first subject of the afternoon is sociology. The introductory text used was Engels' "Origin of the Family." The same method as in economics was used. Reading from the text was followed by discussion. Difficult terms and passages were defined and interpreted and side lights thrown upon the subject from historical and sociological source books. This work was followed by Lester Ward's "Dynamic Sociology." These methods demonstrated the capacity of the average mature worker to follow even the most difficult text if properly introduced. The class in sociology not only followed the rather abstruse pages of Ward, but entered into the subject with enthusiasm and understanding beyond that of the average student of greater advantages in antecedent training. Throughout the course, excursions into biology, psychology, geology and various related branches were made. The different theories of evolution,

the theories of Lamarck, Darwin and Weismann as well as the mutationists, Mendel and De Vries, were analyzed and compared. "Ancient Society" by Morgan was discussed in the light of Morgan's later critics, the pluralists, Tyler, Boas and Goldenweiser, and Vern Smith's series in the Pioneer, "Was Morgan Wrong?" came into service as source material. Theories of population, from Malthus to Spencer, were discussed and tested by modern statistics and data.

In the field of social research, applied methods, surveys and direct investigations were unnecessary.

Not a student but had garnered in his own experience sufficient practical aspects of life and adventure to furnish abundant illustrative material. There was a sailor, a Russian by parentage, who had roamed the "Never-Never Land" of North Australia; who knew the street of Buenos Ayres and the Boca de Rio as well as he knew the purlieus of South Chicago. He had deserted the sea and wandered to the plains of Colorado and Wyoming where he herded the woolies. He had traversed the scenes of Zane Grey's novels, knew the site of the Hidden Valley and had personally met the inhabitants of Robbers' Roost. And he could interpret his impressions. Read this free-verse genre picture of the sheep-herder from his pen:



This Will Be Done Only When Proletarian Education Triumphs

THE SHEEP HERDER

Consider the sheep herder.
He is a little known atom in the immense swirl of
the world-life about us—
A piece of human flotsam, drifted far out upon the
sage-plains of the West.
His main job in life is to be lonely.
Loneliness is not a thing that comes to him now and
then like a headache or the nerves:
It is part of his daily life to be lonely.
There is no one to whom he may talk;
All around him, like waves of a desolate, grey sea,
roll the shadowy sage-plains—and infinite expanse.
Now and then, he goes mad from loneliness and
disappears into the yawning void rather than bear
the interminable repetend of self-communion and
introspection.
But these are the weaklings—the men who do not
understand that companionship does not necessarily
mean the company of humans.
The sheep-herder (that is, the real one) has solved
the problem of loneliness by making the whole world
his intimate and companion.
The sky is his friend; for he can lie in his wagon and
watch the sun and the clouds by day,
And count the stars by night.
Every insect that crawls, or flies, or squirms, is an
intimate acquaintance;
For many a day has been passed away just in watching
an ant-hill and trying to figure out what all the
activity is about.
Even the dangerous rattlesnake is almost out of the
enemy class.

Out there, when you ride the plains,
You see towering piles of rocks a-top the sandy hills
reaching high into the sky.
Great boulders form their bases—boulders that required
the struggling strength and labor of days to move
into place.
Sometimes the rocks themselves have been carried for
quite a distance across smooth sand and rutty
washes,
Finally to be placed upon the stack with the rest.

Monuments, they are—
Great, towering monuments
That have cost the time and labor of days to build;
And yet, when you ask whose graves they cover—
What battles they commemorate—
You learn that they were built by sheep-herders
For no other purpose than to pass the time away—
To pass the time away—building great, high-reaching
monuments
To the Gods of Loneliness.

And yet we, who live where there are things to see,
and people to talk to,
We whine against the world and say,
There is nothing to live for!

There was another little lad from North Dakota.
He was only six feet and four inches in height and
tipped the beam at two hundred and thirty. Of
course they called him "Shorty" and "Little Boy."
What other name could fit among men whose lives
had been filled with contacts with the ironies of
existence? "Little Boy" had wandered far. He
knew the plains of Texas and the pavements of a
dozen great cities. Bronzed and hardy, he had
such physical strength and health as all men might
envy. He knew life. He wanted to know its
deeper meanings. And both he and the sheep-
herder-sailor were energetic in their pursuit and
acquisition of knowledge. They entered with
spirit into the class discussions, took copious notes,
seized upon the technique of study readily and
browsed through the library, entering upon new
fields of discovery like

***stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific; and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent upon a peak in Darien.

One of the characteristics so frequently observed
among these working class students is the remark-

able taste for the excellent in literature. Perhaps
it is because they are still intellectually vigorous
with the vigor born of insatiety; perhaps it is their
intimate contacts with practical existence that gives
them a true sense of artistic values; but however
that may be, they quickly grasped the finer shades
of meaning of such artists as Swinburne, Tenny-
son, Omar Khayyam (Fitzgerald), and the more
obvious if still pleasing quality of Robert W.
Service. Love of art is not necessarily coupled
with aesthetic degeneration, in spite of the cubists
and the longhaired denizens of Greenwich Village.

Physical Exercise, Debates and Socials

As winter progressed, the lake froze solid.
Long walks over its glassy surface and excursions
afoot about the islands were made for recreation
and exercise. Skating was indulged in by those
who fancied it for it is less than a stone's throw
from the College grounds to the lake shore. At
night there were dances and debates on subjects
of interest to the workers. "Birth Control," "Is
the World Growing Better?" and "Do Workers
Pay Taxes?" were threshed out in the light of Marx-
ian economics. There is a gymnasium equipped
with apparatus, parallel bars, rings, boxing gloves,
wrestling mat, etc., and regular classes were trained
by a physical director. The shower and tub baths
are next to the gym and there is ample accommoda-
tion for all the students.

Spring Means The Exodus

Spring came. The winds grew softer and the
snow disappeared from the landscape. Little spar-
rows chirped under the windows, winking at their
mates and suggestively bearing stray bits of moss
and grass in their bills. The sun crept northward
and the days lengthened. The season of labor was
at hand. One by one or in pairs the students
turned to the "point of production." Some went
to the mines. Others with gaze far afield and the
long, long thoughts of youth, "grabbed an armful
of box-cars" and beat it westward to the farms
of Dakota. Some turned again to the sea, their
chosen field of labor. The classes thinned to a
lingering few. Capitalism does not permit its
slaves to tarry long at study or recreation. If the
education of the workers is to progress, it must
be by persistent effort and sacrifice upon their
part. If these students are to return for another
term, they must make and save another winter
stake during the summer.

The season was a successful one. The need for
working class education in their own interest is
evidenced by the continued elimination by capital-
istic universities of progressive instructors. Even
as I write, there lie before me clippings from the
Denver Post recounting the dismissal of two mem-
bers of the faculty of Denver University for delving
too deeply into the facts of the workers' lives. And
last week, Scott Nearing was debarred from the



In The Gymnasium

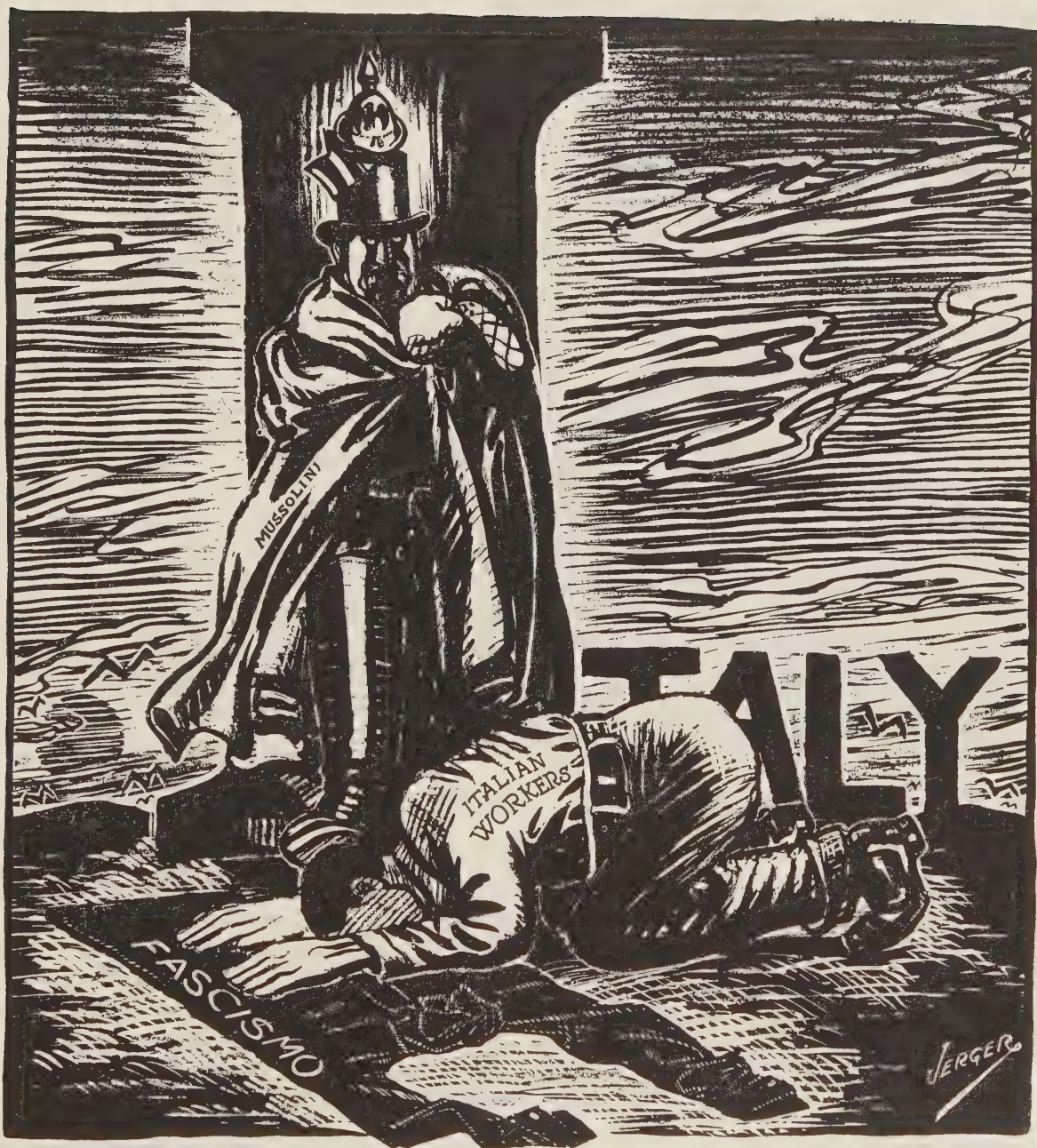
campus of the University of Minnesota. If there is no need for a workers' college, why in the name of so-called "social control" do the capitalists seem so eager to convert their own institutions into instruments of class rule and propaganda? Listen to this from Lester Ward's "Dynamic Sociology," Vol. II.

"It must not be forgotten that a system of education to be worthy of the name must be framed for the great proletariat. Most systems of education seem designed exclusively for the sons of the wealthy gentry, who are supposed to have nothing else to do in life but seek the highest culture in the most approved and fashionable ways. But the great mass, too, need educating. They need the real, solid meat of education in the most concentrated form assimilable. They have

strong mental stomachs, and little time. They can not afford to take slow, winding paths; they must move directly through.

Men interpret life in terms of experience and education. They reason from such data as they have acquired. There is no such thing as a line of division between the theoretical and the practical. Learning is vicarious experience. The workers must stick to the first star of the I. W. W. emblem and continue to educate as well as to agitate and organize. By so doing they will continue to build "the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."





The Big I in Italy

"All in favor say I . . . The Mussolinis have it. So ordered!"

Just before sailing for Africa Mussolini was shot in the nose by a woman from Ireland. Some day it will not be his nose.



Mussolini



The Failing Strong Man



By ARTURO MATTEOTTI, Jr.

Having Arranged for the Abolition of the Italian Senate, Mussolini, Filled with the Old, Old Dreams of Empire, Just Sailed for Tripoli on a Warship. It Is a Strange Business For a Man Who Will Probably Not Outlive the Present Year.

ACCCEPTANCE of the Marxian theory of class struggles carries with it the implication of consistent resort to violence by the classes in history holding supremacy. And this has been the case in all countries. With the presence of classes class struggles are inevitable corollaries.

Oppressed classes embrace violent methods only sporadically; ruling classes, primarily through governments, discharge the technique of suppression as a matter of diurnal routine. The armed forces of the state are permanent entities; armies, navies and police are fixed institutions.

These are facts that the man in the street ordinarily does not understand. His mind is so dulled and poisoned by the mental violence of bourgeois institutions, the press, church, schools and industries, that only the spectacular commands his attention, although it by no means explains to him the forces releasing the spectacles and what part they play in the drama of class warfare. He does not know that they are merely conspicuous outbursts of a conflict which halts for no armistice and knows no peace; a struggle so ceaseless that even in the hours of relative industrial tranquility we have only an armed truce, except where the slaves are so fully enervated that they lack the will to wait watchfully for a propitious moment again to strike a blow.

Lest these generalizations lure me to a digression

I shall now proceed at once to a consideration of the Italian dictatorship. Events in Italy have been so sanguinarily spectacular for several years that some aspects of the situation have been refracted, more or less distorted, on the circumscribed vision of workers in your country. It is important that they learn something about Fascism through your excellent magazine.

America and Fascism

Last year I was in the United States, where I heard both praise and condemnation of Fascism. At a meeting of avowed American constitutionalists a speaker won great applause by stating with due earnestness, "Thank God we have no Fascism in America!" Knowing, perhaps even better than he and his audience, the embryonic nature as well as

the matured virtues of Fascism, I sympathized with the demonstration of liberal exuberance. But my mental reservation loomed large to the effect that the grateful expressions to omnipotence were offered without having reckoned with facts. In America there exist all the elements by which to hammer out a prototype Fascism on the anvil of economic and social circumstances.

Your Mr. Gary has nothing but laudatory remarks for Black Shirtism, and your Mr. Morgan is financing the Italian terror. These astute gentlemen understand the class character of modern society quite well, and they would circumvent red revolution of the exploited by the full flower of reaction summed up in Fascism.

Precisely, this means a tighter strangle-hold on the throat of the working class. Now, in practise just how does this dictatorship work? To answer that question properly it is necessary to review, concisely, Italian conditions out of which the Fascist monster sprang. The very name harks back to the ancient Roman Empire, and in the beginning of the Fascist movement its leading exponents attempted to recruit membership from working class ranks by appeals to patriotic sentiment. The glory that was Imperial Rome's was to be Italy's ideal in her relation to the rest of the insignificant world. These inflated notions failed, however, to fill Italian workers' bellies. Large numbers of these workers cherished other ideals. They had powerful economic organizations and also a numerous parliamentary representation in the personnel of Socialist deputies.

Italian Bosses Use Black Shirts

Presently it became obvious to the new apostles of Italian magnificence that the working class field was an arena where the advancing tread would crush out the seeds of Fascism. Capitalist ears thereafter were the objectives of Fascism, and the capitalists were constrained to listen with sympathy because they were afraid of the rising strength of organized Italian workers and their revolutionary disposition.

A little later when these workers seized a number of factories, raising crimson flags over them, while Italian ships were floating the same red emblems of proletarian revolution, the bourgeoisie made full use of the Fascisti to wipe out the working class movement in Italy. This movement was itself cleft into opposing factions. The larger number supported indirect or legislative action, the minority direct or economic action. Fascism, led by the murderous opportunist, Benito Mussolini, drove its daggers at the hearts of both factions.

The unions were immediately outlawed, all of them, and parliament became an ornament of what had been the legislative machinery of capitalist democracy. Union leaders and members were attacked and assassinated; union halls were either burned or stolen for Fascist uses; the workers' press was captured, in some cases the plants being

smashed and in others being utilized to issue Mussolini's vicious propaganda. Elections became a grim farce. There was, in brief, a total destruction of the visible and physical assets of the labor movement.

Fascism Entrenches Itself

The Italian ruling class were elated at this obliteration of a menacing revolutionary power, and at first they were perfectly willing to assume a genuflectory pose before this god of destruction, because, as you say in America, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." They looked upon the machinery of terror as their own instrument, invested with no authority but to dam the working class tide of revolt. But the machinery was composed of flesh and blood—and ambition. The Fascisti learned to regard themselves as more than a tool used by frightened exploiters in the hour of emergency. The Black Shirts declared their permanent value and their determination to continue in their arbitrary role superior to the ordinary civil government.

In all of this you plainly see the negation of capitalist democratic procedure. The throne of Mussolini now shakes very perceptibly because the capitalist class of Italy no longer needs a Fascist weapon. The workers are crushed. On the other hand, traditions of modern civilization are strong and the numerous social strata holding them dear are protesting. In fact they have been protesting for quite a long time.

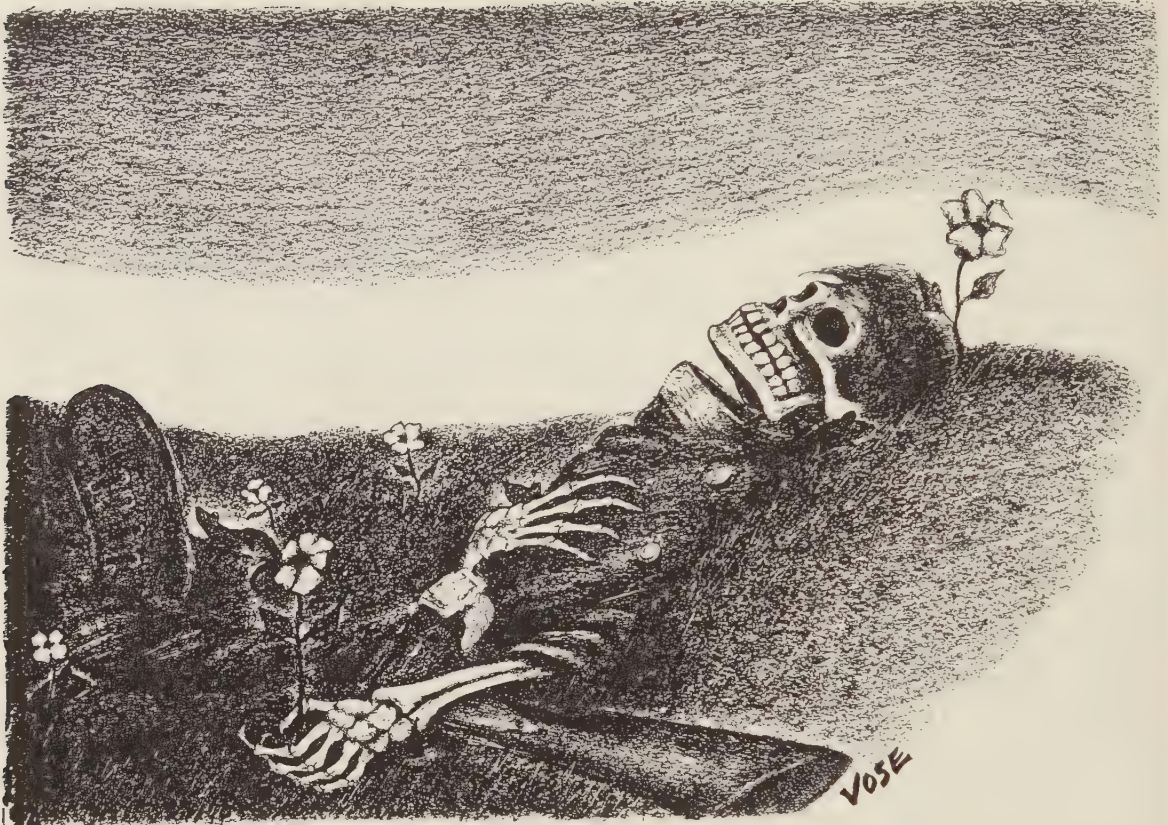
Less powerful bourgeois groups resent having parliamentary action reduced to nothing, and the liberals blaze angrily against this straightjacket which pinches them, although we may remark, incidentally, that we have yet to see where they were ever wroth in Italy by any purely anti-proletarian violence.

Catholic Church Attitude

In an effort to find parliamentary representation in the April, 1924, elections at Milan the Catholic People's Party bore the brunt of Fascist outrages. Mussolini personally directed lootings, burnings, beatings and two murders because the Fascists had received only a minority of the votes in spite of all their intimidation. Cooperatives were destroyed, stocks were stolen, and workingmen's clubs were burned down, while wholesale bludgeoning was practised.

Thus it will be seen that Black Shirt lust for power now brings into the scope of its venomous onslaughts elements outside of the working class movement proper, and elements that actually stand in bitter opposition to social revolution. This entails complications which will ultimately secure the forcible abolition of Italian Fascism.

An incident which strikingly reveals the attitude of the Catholic Church occurred in Pisa in the winter of 1924-1925. Three members of the Catholic Party were murdered, and the cooperatives and



The Dictator Says That War Is Inevitable, and All of Italy's Acts Are those of a Government Deliberately Setting Out To Provoke It. Above is Represented War's Ghastly Horrors for Workers. The World War Had 30,000,000 Fatalities.

clubs of this party were robbed and destroyed. Cardinal Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa, telegraphed to Rome, "As a bishop I weep; as an Italian I am disgraced." And then the following secret message was sent:

To the Prefects of Florence and Pisa:

In view of the unfavorable repercussion of the Vatican arising from the recent anti-Catholic incidents, it will be well for the local directors of the Fascisti Provincial Federation to visit the headquarters of the archbishop and present official expressions of regret and renewed declarations of high respect which Fascism has for the Catholic religion. MUSSOLINI.

The eminent Archbishop of Pisa did not weep as a bishop so long as the Black Shirts respected the black cassock and confined their murders, rapes, thefts, arsons, maimings and general outrages to the persons and property of militant workers. But when mad Mussolini sets upon good Catholics and their property His Eminence is "disgraced." As a matter of record he and the Papal authority were disgraced several years ago when the relations between the "Prisoner of the Vatican" and the dictatorship were so cordial that the former contemplated emergence from the self-imposed "incarceration," and reports were current that His Holiness would soon walk on the streets of Rome.

We should also bear in mind that the Fascist membership is overwhelmingly Catholic. But they are on a sort of spree. They are tasting their

power, temporarily impervious to the jeopardy in which they have placed their immortal souls.

The chasm yawning between the papacy and the terror can have but one interpretation. It means that Fascism is losing its grip. The revelations of the Matteotti murder trial are rousing the anti-Fascist groups, and without the strong support of big capital in Italy Mussolini's sun is setting. His desperately ridiculous acts have lately shown him to be ill and worried. No wonder!

Dictator Gives Orders To Kill

A large number of documents in Mussolini's hand are here in France. He usually writes his own messages and has secretaries take them to be typed. Out of motives of self-protection these secretaries often preserve the original manuscripts. Several of these secretaries have been forced into political exile. Among other papers showing the dictator to be a fiendish murderer is one which, when translated into English, reads:

Ministry of Foreign Affairs
Prefect
Turin

I am told that the well-known Gobetti was recently in Paris and that he is now in Sicily Stop Please inform me and see that you render life still more difficult for this insipid opposer of the Government and Fascism.

MUSSOLINI.

Dr. Pietro Gobetti was a young writer, twenty-

three years old, who edited a liberal political and literary review. He suffered from heart disease. Yet life was to be made more difficult for him. The Fascist police raided and sacked his home and offices, and even before the death message was sent Gobetti had been beaten almost to death. He managed to outwit the assassins' stiletto and died in bed—hounded to death instead.

Such acts as these render the Black Shirts offensive in nostrils that are not keen when ordinary workingmen are murdered for their opinions and activities.

I previously said that there is a Fascist framework in the United States. Students of the class struggle on this side of the Atlantic regard the American Legion and the Ku Klux Klan as reactionary factions of such sinister flexibility that they may easily be extended for the repressive purposes of the American bourgeoisie whenever needed. This observation is not offered to discourage my readers, but rather to forearm them. The rulers in America are playing their class role, and eventually the workers of America will rise to negotiate their historic obligation. They will the more quickly succeed if they estimate the forces against them without attempts at discounting the capitalist strength. It is not a wise rule to minimize the power of one's opponents. Instead it is the better part of wisdom to calculate carefully and to equip ourselves as best we can for a hard battle against a terrific and merciless adversary.

Workers Must Seize Industries

Mussolini worries because he feels the end coming for his regime. There are millions of people throughout the world who wish to see avenged not only the staggering villainy in Italy but the murder of orphans in Corfu. A strong dictator would never have brayed at the shackled Germans in the parlance of the alley rat. He has sown the wind and he can not expect to reap a zephyr. A mighty tide of resentment is rising in Italy which is sure to engulf Fascism and its upholders. A whirlwind will break soon to cleanse the country of this Black Plague, and to crush the head of its serpent.

Dictatorships do not resolve capitalism's contradictions. The social and economic antagonisms are multiplied by them. Surplus value, extracted in greater sums than when unionism prevails, piles up and markets must be found. Unemployment becomes more severe.

The working class movement is destined to rise again and to fling itself against the Fascist persecution, scattering this corrupt phenomenon like so much chaff in the teeth of a gale. In this revival we may confidently expect the Italian workers to gain such experience and power that they will force

the struggle further and wipe out of Italian life forever the bourgeois oppression that has so long and so horribly afflicted them. This means that they must recognize the economic basis of power; that they must seize the industries, and leave off the innocuous and devious parliamentary procedure that has already an infamous record of proletarian betrayal not only in Italy but in other states of Europe.

STATEMENT OF BUSINESS MANAGER

Notification of Pioneer price changes appeared in the April 21st and 28th issues of Solidarity. Our request for action from the membership and readers on this matter has resulted in a number of branches recording themselves for the increase, with individuals also favoring it. There has been no communication against it, and the G. E. B. members we have conferred with here wish the price to be raised, becoming effective with this number.

With the last issue the magazine's size increased fifty per cent while the price is now raised only twenty-five per cent. The increased revenue will put the magazine on a self-sustaining basis. For the last few years General Headquarters has been subsidizing this magazine, and the time has come when Headquarters can no longer bear this burden. Our action, therefore, is in harmony with sentiment throughout the organization and with that of the delegates to the last General Convention. The membership should support their publications, or cease publishing. If this magazine is not worth two bits it is not worth anything.

Any who doubt that they are getting their money's worth are asked to compare this issue and that of April with the editions prior to that time. Every effort will be made to keep up the standard.

Bundle orders of five or more will be 17 cents a copy non-returnable, and 20 cents returnable; subscriptions will be \$2.25 a year; Canada, \$2.50, and other countries \$3.00. Single copies will sell for 25 cents.

JAMES SULLIVAN.

WOMAN and

By EUCLID



skilled to comfort and heal. If the hand of man is magical with accomplishment, the small white hand of woman has even greater magic, in that it soothes and blesses ever. With the touch of her gentle fingers she changes the hard sick-bed into down and dreams. With the stroke of her tender palm she banishes the tears of childhood and gives smiles for sobs.

If man, the Titan, makes the world great, woman, the enchantress, makes it beautiful. If man finds the food, it is woman that brings the babe through paths she sets with roses; and it is she who makes shining and sweet the gateway when the soul fares forth to the unknown land.

Man may make the nation, but woman does more—she makes the home.

When I think of what the world would be without the inspiring influence of woman, I am ashamed of what the world has done with her. She has done everything for the world, and man has done everything evil to her. He has filled her delicate hands with weights she could not bear, and laid upon her shoulders burdens that crushed her to the earth; and though she stumbled on uncomplainingly, kissing the hand that smote her, he has taunted her as an inferior and ruled her as if she were a slave.

Still is the woman guardian of the sacred fire. Should she fail, earth would return to the stone age, and man become again a naked barbarian. It was woman who invented all the arts, from agriculture to weaving, from architecture to music.

It is woman's voice that bears the soul in prayer and hymn toward higher things.

In a world that God made beautiful, there is nothing so beautiful as woman, and without her divine ministrations all things would speedily lose their charm. It is woman that bears the future in her body, and on her sweet and sacred bosom she nurses life into higher forms and nobler ways.

There is nothing so wonderful as motherhood. There is nothing more sacred, more divine, than womanhood charged with

Iscorn the chivalry that kisses the hand of woman, and then denies that hand the reins with which she might guide the rolling world along; I would not bow to her as being more than man, yet I would give her every right I claim for myself. Still, I cannot think of her without a feeling of reverence that amounts to worship, and that which I worship in her I would also worship in man if he had not banished it from his life.

Great is the hand of man. He smites the mountain ranges, and they smoothe out into plains; he strokes the ocean, and it carries his craft in safety; he shakes his fist at the night, and creatures of steel come forth to do his bidding. But if the hand of man is strong to do, the hand of woman is greater still, because it is softened and

CHILDHOOD

DEBS

the future destiny of the race, which means the weal or woe of all that breathe.

No true man can think of his mother other than as perfect. No husband who is still a lover—as every husband ought to be—can believe that his wife is less beautiful or feel that she is less dear than when in the bloom of beauty she first won his heart.

I have a vision of woman that is loftier, nobler and diviner than the mothers and wives, the sisters and daughters, have been in the dark days of the past and are still in the dawning days of the present. In the full-orbed day of the world to come woman shall be free. In that hour woman shall have opportunity; and because her day has come at last, everything that lives shall rise and unfold and share in the common blessings that shall come to the race. Love shall reign instead of hate; beauty shall take the place of deformity, peace of war, plenty of poverty; and all the world, under her unfettered ministry, shall be a home, safe and sweet and satisfying.

WHAT sweet emotions the recollections of childhood inspire, and how priceless its treasured memories in our advancing and declining years!

Laughing eyes and curly hair, little brown hands and bare feet, innocent and care-free, trusting and loving, tender and pure, what an elevating and satisfying influence these little gods have upon our maturer years!

Childhood! What a holy theme! Flowers they are, with souls in them, and if on this earth man has a sacred charge, a holy obligation, it is to these tender buds and blossoms of humanity.

Yet how many of them are prematurely plucked, fade and die and are trampled in the mire. Many millions of them have been snatched from the cradle and stolen from their play to be fed to the forces that turn a workingman's blood into a capitalist's gold, and many millions of others have been



crushed and perverted into filth for the slums and food for the pottersfield.

Childhood is at the parting of the ways which lead to success or failure, honor or disgrace, life or death. Society is, or ought to be, profoundly concerned in the nature of the environment that is to mold the character and determine the destiny of its children, and any remissness in such duty is rebuked by the most painful penalties, and these are inflicted with increasing severity upon the people of the United States.

Childhood is the most precious charge of the family and the community, but our capitalist civilization sacrifices it ruthlessly to gratify its brutal lust for pelf and power, and the march of its conquest is stained with the blood of infants and paved with the puny bones of little children.

What shall the harvest be?

The millions of children crushed and slain in the conquest of capitalism have not died in vain. From their little martyr graves all over this fair land their evening images are springing up, as it were, against the system that murdered them and pronouncing upon it, in the name of God and humanity, the condemnation of death.

Editorials

MAY FIRST.—Declaring for a Monroe Doctrine applied to trade unionism in America, the A. F. of L. has "fortified" itself in a policy of blindness that reminds us of the story of the ostrich's imagined security when it stuck its head in the sand. Actually we think that ostriches do not perform in this ridiculous, perilous manner, but leave the patriots, fakers and traitors to the proletariat, headed by the incomparably reactionary Green, to attempt such a stupidly ignoble program.

Neither the workers of this land nor those of any other can successfully fight employers by shutting themselves away from the international solidarity of labor. Nor can they secure even such bits of success as have formerly been won if they try to do battle alone, feeling national sufficiency, because capitalism is now internationally organizing and growing stronger, and no matter how fiercely the various robbers contend for the spoils, these robbers stand shoulder to shoulder, and gunboat to gunboat, to keep the slaves in their slavery.

All social phenomena bear out this assertion. Chinese workers strike in Shanghai against Japanese manufacturers, and the warships of the United States, England, Japan, Italy and France steam swiftly to the scene, while our brave Marines land first to quell the strike. Italian workers threatened revolution in 1920 and American bankers staked the Fascisti to crush it.

Steel, iron, coke and coal exploiters of France and Germany manage very amicably to unite in the game of fleecing German and French wage slaves. And when the mills, mines and factories of European countries slacken or stagnate it is well for the mill, mine and factory slaves of America to prepare for unemployment, because these crises no longer torture one country at a time but sweep the world in agonizing waves.

Rapid transportation and lightning-like means of communication have made the world small in the sense that it is more accessible, and its different lands are more dependent on each other than ever before because our civilization is more complex, our pop-

ulations larger and even the most advanced industrial countries look to the most backward agricultural states for foodstuffs and raw materials. Proud England is a case in point. In 1775 Dr. Johnson said that he viewed the island with equanimity because it produced sufficient food for the maintenance of its population.. Today England is never more than 90 days from famine should food imports be cut off.

The dilemma in which the working class finds itself is that it can not buy, on the wages it receives; the commodities it produces. The inescapable implication is that workers produce, over and above their support and reproduction cost, a surplus value. This the boss calls profits. To increase his wealth and power he reinvests this surplus



"MAY FIRST!"

But Not His Last! Soon Labor Will Get Wise and Take All
The Golden Days Of The Happy Future Years!

value. He may do it in the domestic industry, but this is the era of finance capital, the age of money empire, and the large holders usually invest abroad, financing industries and winning the harvests of concessions, colonial expansion and spheres of influence.

As formerly backward countries tend more and more to develop their own industries, amassing the inevitable surplus value, their capitalist owners look abroad for markets. Bourgeois frictions multiply. The economic cause of war is the only cause of war and it can be summed up in the fact that capitalist nations, driven by the profit system to find foreign markets, collide with other nations engaged in the same search.

There is no solution except that of the organized working class abolishing capitalism, thus guaranteeing to itself the full product of its toil. There would then be no surplus value seeking markets and investment: the world would at last be free.

In September of each year conservative American unionists take a rest, and from the pulpits, the platforms and the press prostituted agents of organized thievery congratulate the slaves on the fact that they are still alive. But each year real wages of the American slaves go down. The bosses call it playing the game and the labor fakers parrot their masters. It is playing the game, indeed, with stacked cards and the rich dealing. The outcome is to be expected: poverty, disease and death sweep the poor players from the board.

In 1924 disabling accidents in American industry increased 30 per cent over the previous year, and last year there were a million such accidents. The National City Bank of New York declares that of every 100 persons now 25 years old an economic division like the following will apply to them in 40 years: One will be independent; four will be well to do; five will be working for a meagre living; thirty-five will be dead—"Many of them for want of attention that money would have secured"—and fifty-four will be dependent on others. This leaves but five in satisfactory

circumstances out of the hundred, unless we can include the dead as well placed.

In the world war there were 30,000,000 fatalities, and the product of a generation was utterly destroyed—the sum of \$300,000,000,000—to make the rich richer and the poor poorer and to launch the United States on imperialism's highroad as startingly swift as a meteor through the heavens. Only this meteor of American "prosperity" means hell for the workers of the world.

The reason the Government calls A. F. of L. labor "decent labor" is because it achieves nothing, and blesses its own chains. The reason that the I. W. W. is opposed by the rulers is because the I. W. W. is organizing to destroy the rulers. The place that fellow, lickspittle labor accepts is that one of subjection and impotence into which the parasites thrust it.

We scorn their servility and we denounce their cries for bourgeois pabulum. We refuse to be nourished on any September "Labor Day" by the wishbones flung to us by capitalists. We know them for what they are, and we know the mission that is ours. It is the mission of social revolution, and to this task the I. W. W. and revolutionary labor in every part of the globe have dedicated all of their energies. On the goal of human freedom they have directed all of their hopes made potent by action. May Day is the annual festival day of the world's workers who struggle for emancipation. Let the workers of America recognize the common cause that is theirs with workers everywhere, the cause of smashing the chains of wage slavery, of summarily dissolving the power of capitalism by seizure of the world we have made.

We have one enemy, international capitalism. Our fellow workers are the wage slaves of all lands, of all colors, of all races. The enemy is organized, ruthless, ambitious. We, the workers of all lands, must act together to destroy that enemy, by the same terrific blow wiping war and want and waste from the face of the earth, and ushering in a new order of human relations without master and slave.



STANDARD OF LIVING.—Congress, state legislatures, as well as non-legislative bodies, such as various social welfare groups, have said that certain incomes are required for the maintenance of the American family of five, and this is called the standard of living. These calculations cut expenditures to the bone, leaving very little for such “extras” as education and amusement, while the food, clothing and shelter allowances leave no latitude for any but the simplest plane of existence.

And still it is a fact that nine-tenths of the incomes in the United States are insufficient to support a family on this “ideal” American standard of living. So, we are compelled to conclude from this unpleasant, belly-pinching fact that most of the workers are existing from hand-to-mouth and below this standard, thus dying off before their time. It is easier to show the denial of the right to live which is exhibited cruelly by infantile mortality statistics, but it is not so easy to estimate the number of years that are stolen from the adult worker’s span

of life by the hardships and privations common to his enslaved position.

But we do know that except where gluttony and corrupt living send the rich to untimely graves their lives are much longer than the lives of the poor, and this is not only demonstrable by comparing vital statistic regarding children, but also of men and women. We see a world full of people of all ages wherever we turn, but we turn only infrequently to the cemeteries of the poor and to the potters fields where so many of our class were interred long before they should have been under a free society.

A standard of living calculated by lawyers and social workers, indeed! And one which we are supposed to be satisfied to get. But then the shameful truth is revealed that this miserable dole is not even reached in nine out of every ten cases. Such is the proud record of this damnable capitalism. Away with it! Organize and put a stop to the Herods and Molochs of modern times. We, the workers, have created all the world’s wealth, and we want it all.

Moreover, we intend to take it all when our organized power is equal to the task of choking the piracy of a scrofulous ruling class to death.

HISTORY AND LEGALISM.—Administration of class rule has always been inseparable from social oppression facilitated by the apparatus of governing violence. Each ruling class by seizure of power has broken the fundamental laws of its dispossessed predecessors and has sought immediately to entrench itself. Under protection of arms the new class decrees new laws designed for its welfare and consistent with its development. In the very nature of affairs these laws debase the dispossessed, prohibiting the governed classes from combining in any manner basically prejudicial to the interests of their rulers.

We live at a time when the advocacy of law and order of the bourgeois pattern, bolstered by ancient impediments to human freedom and modern obstacles to the same ideal, has resulted in such blind worship of this fetish that the American slaves would probably comply with a conscription commanding them to file to the brink of a precipice and tumble to destruction.

At this point some may urge that our supposition is preposterous, but we wish to remind them that the American slaves, though loath to become candidates for trench fertilizer, lost no time about registering in the war draft a few years ago, and walking off a cliff is comparatively simple, decidedly more humane and certainly less painful than being tortured for months and years in trenches and pushed against bayonets and barrage fire.

The legalism of our age is omnipresently exacting, and so generally are the workers driven to unquestioning obedience by the mores of our state worshipping era that it is well to examine what are almost universally regarded as immutable principles of civilization. We may do this best by citing several historical events in which thoroughgoing repudiation of laws brought into being the very commercial, manufacturing classes that today seek to dam the

current of historical progress by proclaiming their rule eternal.

As all students of English history know, capitalist England was formed by the Seventeenth Century Cromwellian Revolution and the Eighteenth Century industrial revolution. The class in power prior to Cromwell's success compromised the courtiers, titled officials and members of the higher clergy who were all characterized by indolence, arrogance and excesses. But



THE PURITAN
From Saint-Gaudens' Sculpture

they made the laws and the laws provided that the monarch must be regarded as ruling by God's grace. "Touch not my anointed!" was a biblical injunction favoring the monarchy and the supporting groups just enumerated. That they believed the king to rule by divine right spares us the necessity of presenting voluminous data of the period to show that this dissipated, totter-

ing class considered itself as destined to continue in power forever.

Yet, for all of God's grace armoring the proud neck of Charles Stuart, Cromwell hacked through it at Whitechapel with the axe of revolution. The regicide committed, its perpetrators rid the Long Parliament of all champions of monarchical and aristocratic decadence, and the frugality of the hard-working small merchants, free farmers, artisans and owners of petty estates was rewarded by the inauguration of a new social epoch made "in their own image and likeness." They served the ends of social progress by scrapping the laws of the old order even to the extent of killing a king before his own palace, publicly, and in the most spectacular manner.

Eighteenth Century France presents a very similar lesson. The rising bourgeoisie, incarnated in Robespierre, achieved their revolution against the French crown, the nobility and aristocracy by wedding the hapless Louis XVI to Madame Guillotine and dissolving the hallowed laws enacted by the former regime. Here again human progress was promoted and history's tide quickened by blood flowing through the special sewer from the Place de Revolution.

In the same century the American colonies broke from English ties and set up an independent bourgeois government better suited to the needs of colonial exploiters. In severing the bonds with Britain Washington, Jefferson, Hancock, Madison, Franklin and all the influential revolutionaries became outlaws with prices on their heads. But they cast out the English laws made to govern them and flung the British scepter across the sea into the teeth of the astonished monarch. Thereafter they devised their own laws. Indeed, they performed so good a job at the end of the Eighteenth Century that we, the Twentieth Century working class of America, will be obliged soon to secure our happiness in freedom by throwing the bourgeois yoke from our necks, rolling in the gutter the parasitic class now riding on our backs, and making laws in the union halls to suit ourselves. The measure of swift victory must be powerful industrial union prepara-

tion, and the revolution's treatment of the overthrown ruling class will depend on bourgeois behavior.

THE ENGLISH STRIKE.—On the last day of April the British Government's subsidy to the coal miners expires. Operators say they will not make up the wage difference, and the workers have voted to strike unless present levels are maintained. Therefore May First has keenest interest for militant workers, and it is certain that employers everywhere are alert to the possible revolutionary significance of the impending struggle. The miners form but a fifth or sixth of the number declaring for a strike, transport workers of all descriptions and many other unions having decided to go out in support of the coal diggers. This means that 5,000,000 workers are actively involved, and failure is unthinkable unless they permit their solidarity again to be trafficked by yellow leaders, as was the case on "Black Friday."

When Trotsky says that these slaves require capture of the parliamentary machinery he is wrong. Unless they can command sufficient power directly through industry to overthrow capitalism it can not be overthrown, and it is idle to predicate revolutionary victory on the ridiculous, circuitous tactic of political elections. Ebert, Scheidemann and Noske had full control of the German Government at the time of the Kapp putsch, yet they were compelled to call for a general strike of industrial workers in order to defeat the monarchists. Revolutionary Industrial Unionism is all-sufficient anywhere, everywhere.

THE PRESIDENT.—Just now it is Calvin Coolidge who must dance to the tunes called by American capitalism. But the individual who fills the role of chief executive for the bourgeois-owned governmental apparatus is, after all, a thing of little importance. Whether it is a Lincoln, a Cleveland, a McKinley, a Roosevelt, a Taft, a Wilson, a Harding, or a mute person regarded as a Massachusetts strike-breaker who occupies the White House, he is placed there to serve expanding capitalism, and he does so.

Lincoln incarnated the spirit promoting industrial growth in the North, and particularly the Northwest, and he said that he would keep all the slaves in slavery if necessary to preserve the Union. Northern capitalists needed the South, and they could not afford to see an independent government on southern soil, and they did not want chattel slaves because wage slaves are more profitable. Cleveland was such a willing tool of the railroads that he sent troops to Illinois to break the railway strike, sending Debs to prison. And this action over the vigorous protests of Governor Altgeld.

McKinley was Mark Hanna's man and Mark raised the campaign fund of \$16,750,000 which placed McKinley in the presidency to do what the banker-imperialists ordered. That was in 1896. Bryan was the Democratic candidate, but his campaign managers could raise only \$675,000, so the windbag of the Platte lost. Roosevelt carried forward imperialism's stratagems, with a dash of "trust busting" as a sop to the squeezed little bourgeois. And though he was picturesquely portrayed in the reactionary task of swinging the "Big Stick," the action of the Standard Oil Company is typical of the practical effects of "busting trusts." When the Supreme Court ordered this company to dissolve, the concern became thirty-two companies—on paper, and in 1921 the market value of their stocks increased thirty-five times over the 1911 value, and dividends paid amounted to eighteen times the total capital the company had in 1911, when the highest court in the land "dissolved" it.

Taft followed the program laid down by the bosses, with the authorship of injunctions against labor to recommend him and when asked what he would do if he were jobless, penniless, and with a family to support the erudite legalist said, "God knows!" Prexy Wilson wrote "the New Freedom" with his left hand and with his right welcomed into secret conference the nation's largest bankers and industrialists to frame up going into the war, and while the effulgence of his fourteen heavenly points was flooding the war-torn world

with light he kept Debs and the class war prisoners where the bosses wanted them. Then he took Mrs. Wilson 2nd to France, where Clemenceau and Lloyd George raped the 14 points in the closet of Versailles.

Harding was a pleasant mannered country editor with good sartorial instincts. Just before his last illness, however, he lost his geniality long enough to accompany the infamous ex-Governor Hart of Washington to the graves of the Centralia Armistice Day legionnaires who met their fate by trying to break up a union hall. On this occasion Harding denounced our organization, and might have been doing it yet but for an unhappy appetite for certain seafoods.

The present incumbent is a sour-faced nonentity with all the favorable capacity of a servile clerk. As capitalism gets stronger its presidents grow weaker, and this is right because they are maneuvered into office to expedite the orders of Wall Street. In 1924, when a government created commission reported that the sugar trust was grafting through tariff favors, Coolidge suppressed, as far as possible, the facts, and it cost the American people \$53,000,000 in nine months. Who says economy? But when it comes to real, high class hi-jacking right under the president's economical nose the Aluminum Company of America carries off the honors. Andrew Mellon is Cal's Secretary of the Treasury. He is also head of the Aluminum Trust. The company started in 1888 with a paid up capital of \$20,000. By tariff protection and other schemes it was able in 1923 to realize a profit of 1000 per cent on the original investment, and now has assets of \$110,000,000.

But tariff-fixing is only a small part the game. What else is done? Well, we don't have to look far to find out. Mellon's workers receive \$3.36 a day. This is, without holidays or losses of time, \$88 a month. Andy's income on the steal is \$284,000 a month and \$173,000 more goes to his brother. Calvin has bid for a reputation for economical administration, and it is not only in words that he is sparing. Mellon has engineered laws to cut his own taxes and



citizens or subjects who should bear the anguish of excessive exploitation silently, sent word for the committee to see the head of the Labor Department. French Bourbon monarchs, on advice of financial ministers, went even farther than merely refusing to see delegations from the starving masses. Occasionally they had the delegates hanged and their bodies flung to the poor as an answer. So, perhaps we are, after all, progressing in the "technique of suppression." But still there is similarity in the situations which should give rulers and their presidential lackeys pause. "After us the deluge," was the motto of Louis XIV, and the deluge came.

When presidents of capitalist democracies and White House flunkies of industrial autocracy have no time, in the world's richest country, to see

those of the big capitalists. The Supreme Court has ruled that stock dividends are not profits. Result: corporations manipulate stock certificates to get their killings out of the excess profits list, thereby avoiding taxation. Calvin would spare these super-thieves. His eyes and ears are open to assist his masters, but he is much too busy to listen to workers' appeals even when they are suffering intensely from the sting of poverty's lash.

The Passaic mill strikers sent a committee to visit the nation's "first citizen," and he, regarding them and their kind as last

the masses who create all the country's wealth, we are witnesses to bourgeois contemptuousness and arrogance riding to a fall; we are also mindful of their insensibility to history's lesson. In the words of Jefferson, the blood of tyrants is the natural manure of liberty, and present day tyrants are heading for a shambles. The "eat cheese" advice of an "idealistic" Wilson and the stupid or sinister silence of a Coolidge amount, in effect, to another "After us the deluge." And it will come.

The Curse of California

By SPECTATOR

MAY MAY, international labor's holiday, passes with many of our number languishing in the prisons of California. This fact brings to the mind of every revolutionist some of the dark pages of working class persecution in that state. One may start with its first page and find workers' blood being shed. Following its history on down through the years that same manifestation of ruling class tyranny is predominant. Always the rule has been: oppress the worker; stop at nothing to keep him subdued.

A brief outline is here given of the many demonstrations against labor in this state. Greater stress is paid the Criminal Syndicalism Law. This is because we have most recently experienced persecution under this law, and we have not come through unscathed. Sixty-three valiant champions of labor's cause lie in California's prisons today, paying the penalty of progress. We can free them. Will we do it?

Discovery and Persecution

California was discovered in the year 1510 by Ordinez de Montalvo, a Spaniard. He claimed the territory for his country and gave it as a name, "The Northern Mystery." Little did he realize how appropriate that caption would be. Stories are told by present day historians of the hardships and privations which Montalvo's men had to endure. Outstanding among them is one which gives an insight into the birth of the appalling reign of terror that has since existed.

It seems that after sighting land Montalvo, with a party of his men, went ashore to raise the Spanish emblem and claim the territory. The claiming of this land called for a ceremony which involved kneeling and kissing the emblem by all present. One among the number rebelled at such display and was promptly executed in a manner most vicious. Then, even as in recent years, if one dared to voice a protest, however slight, he was immediately banned either by death or isolation.

Passing from that date on down through succeeding years of which little is known, we come to the days of the gold rush in the middle of the Nineteenth Century. Bancroft, in his works on the Vigilantes of California, tells of the methods used by those in power at that time; of how innocent



THE FOLSOM PRISON ROCK QUARRY

Where Union Men Are Condemned to Long Terms at Hard Labor For Their Opinions and Organizing.

men were tried and hung without the slightest provocation. It is mentioned here to add to the chain of circumstances which lead up to present day persecutions.

We come to the days of the Spanish-American War when martial law was common. Workers were driven from pillar to post, hounded by the barking dogs of war who dared not carry out the fight they had created.

Fresno and San Diego Fights

The gigantic struggles of the workers in Fresno and San Diego in 1911, '12 and '13 are the next outstanding events which we will consider. The Fresno Free Speech fight preceded that of San Diego, and it was in this struggle that the I. W. W. received its first recognition of importance in this state. However, it was in San Diego that the I. W. W. were placed definitely on the California map, as precursors of a new regime who would fight for the rights of the downtrodden worker. The fight there surpassed that in Fresno in that it was more fiercely fought. Cold-blooded terrorism against the workers in San Diego, instigated by Tsar Spreckels, roused the ire of every free thinking person in the West. Governor Johnson sent Colonel Weinstock there to investigate the situation; not because he had any love for the workers, but because he was a bitter political enemy of Spreckels. Weinstock reported back that conditions there were far worse than those of old Russia. After these fights it seemed that the workers would receive more justice and it can truthfully be said that for a time they did.

The next greatest thrust given labor was at Wheatland in 1913, where a riot occurred on the Durst hop ranch. A complete outline of this case was given in the *Industrial Pioneer* for March of this year and it is not necessary to repeat the details here. However, it may be mentioned that after the riot two innocent men were convicted in a Marysville court and were sentenced to life imprisonment by Judge Eugene P. McDaniels. These two men, Richard Ford and Herman Suhr, were sent to Folsom penitentiary. In passing it might be mentioned that this citadel of misery was built at the behest of the Southern Pacific Company, so that that company might be furnished with cheap gravel for its roadbeds. Ford and Suhr were forced to toil each day along with the lowest of felons at breaking rock in the prison quarry. Hammering their very lives away for a crime they did not commit, but condemned because they understood this system of society too well to suit those in power. Thirteen years in prison and one of the victims, Richard Ford, was released on parole, immediately rearrested, indicted and tried on a second charge resulting from the same riot, and finally acquitted. His acquittal was, in short, not only a complete vindication of himself, but also a vindication of his fellow defendant, Herman Suhr, the I. W. W., and of every worker who participated in the Wheatland hop field strike. Despite this fact, Ford remains on parole and Suhr is still behind prison walls.

Employers Frame-Up Militant Workers

Inspired by the results of the famous Ford and Suhr trial the employers' associations in California planned to rid the state of other militants, who might have the intelligence and courage to carry on labor's struggle. Accordingly, we find the organized workers facing a lockout in Stockton in 1914. Despite the well planned line of action on the part of the employers their scheme went a trifle awry.

They had intended planting dynamite and other high explosives in conspicuous places and charging labor leaders who were active in the Stockton trouble with the deed. In proving that their schemes were frame-ups we refer to J. P. Emerson's confession. Emerson was a private detective, employed by the Merchant and Manufacturer's Association and, when arrested by mistake at Bay Point, California, he confessed that he intended checking a suit case full of dynamite at the Southern Pacific station and then slipping the check into the pocket of O. Tveitmoe, who was secretary of the California Building Trades Council. Emerson also stated that a motor boat was to be bought in the name of Tom Mooney and subsequently it was to be found with dynamite fuses and caps in it.

It was during this Stockton fight that one Hans Le Jeune was caught in the act of planting some dynamite in the room of A. Johansen, now an organizer for the American Federation of Labor, in the city of Chicago. Le Jeune confessed that

he was a hireling of the Merchant and Manufacturer's Association, and he also let it be known that something like five hundred pounds of dynamite were to be placed in such places as obviously to connect the deed up with labor leaders throughout the state.

Following close on the heels of the Stockton fight came the Mooney and Billings frame-up in San Francisco, in 1915. The facts of that case are well known; how a bomb was planted and exploded during a parade, killing ten people. The subsequent trial of a number of innocent workers, several of whom, among them Mooney and Billings, were convicted and sent to prison.

After the I. W. W. Again

September of 1917 found the fight against the I. W. W. on in earnest. Employers combined their forces for the purpose of ridding the state of these militant workers. During that month approximately 125 men were arrested and thrown in jail at Fresno. Twenty-five men were picked from this group and charged with "Conspiring to oppress employers of labor throughout the United States." That charge was later dismissed, yet it tends to show on what flimsy charges a person could be held.

On December 17th, 1917, a bomb was exploded on the rear steps of Governor Stephen's Mansion in Sacramento. This explosion was later proven to have been instigated by District Attorney Fickert of San Francisco, in an effort to frighten the people and mold public opinion against the I. W. W. He had first planned to have the bombing take place at his own home, but a San Francisco newspaper exposed the scheme so he had to seek another location. After the explosion rumors were rife and many threats were to be heard. Stephens claimed that the Germans were after him. Chief of Police Conran and Sheriff Gormley of Sacramento held that the I. W. W. were responsible and should be shot or hung immediately. Gormley went before the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce and urged that telegrams be sent to the California state representatives asking them to enact a law making it a felony to belong to the I. W. W. Because of this many accredit him as being the sponsor of the Criminal Syndicalism Law.

As an immediate result of the explosion 53 members of the I. W. W. were arrested, thrown into a cell 21 feet square and confined there for months. After sixty-four days of incarceration they were charged with violating the Espionage Act.

Sacramento's Black Hole

All eyes were turned toward Sacramento and every one eagerly awaited a day when the trial would begin. Then came a surprise. Forty-two of the defendants refused to enter a word in their own defense during the course of their trial. They believed it would be useless to do so, as they contended that justice could not be had in that court. Because of this they were known as the "Silent Defenders." In January, 1919, a verdict was reach-

ed and all were convicted. Sentences were given ranging from one hundred dollars' fine to ten years' imprisonment. Five of the men died from diseases contracted while in this small prison cell awaiting trial.

To prove that the forces of reaction in this state work together as one when destruction of any labor organization is their goal, we quote, herewith, extracts from a report by J. B. Densmore, an agent of the United States Department of Labor. This report appeared in the House of Representatives Document No. 157.

September 14, 1918. "I am going to have a meeting with Mulhall tomorrow," said Fickert to an assistant, "and I am going to link the Mooney case up with the Sacramento case."

September 15, 1918. "Fickert and Deputy U. S. Marshall Mulhall who was active in the Sacramento prosecution, were in conference for 2 hours and 20 minutes. Mulhall stated that a good way to get the I. W. W.'s to plead guilty would be to bring in a squad of soldiers and threaten to shoot them. Fickert said, 'The best thing to do would be to get a bunch of soldiers who served in the Philippines and give the—of—the water cure'. Mulhall discussed the possibility of losing both the Mooney and Sacramento cases and said to Fickert, 'You know, if this thing ever breaks we will go down hill so fast that all hell won't save us'." (Mulhall left California immediately after learning that the government had a dictograph record of his talks. On September 26, 1918, there is a record of him phoning Fickert and complaining about having lost his job).

Other extracts in this report mentioned one Goebel, who was proven to have been an agent provocateur in the Sacramento case, and who has since been active in the Criminal Syndicalism cases, working constantly with the oppressors. Jack Dymond, another notorious labor spy is also mentioned in the report.

Criminal Syndicalism Law Is Born

In 1917 many newspapers continually carried scare headlines denouncing the Industrial Workers of the World. A fertile field of eager readers awaited each issue. The war was on and patriotism ran hand in hand with ignorance. Throughout the long months of 1918 that the "Silent Defenders" lay in a prison cell awaiting trial, this list of newspapers grew and many of them copied the more brazen, mendacious stories that were carried by the Sacramento BEE. These stories were all alleged tales of the methods used by the I. W. W. as an organization to gain its ends, and invariably they ended by advocating lynching parties and similar extra-legal tactics as a means of exterminating that labor organization.

All of this publicity molded public opinion so well that no voice was raised in dissent when a law was introduced making it a felony to advocate sabotage or the destruction of property by force or violence.



**The San Quentin Prison Jute Mill Where
Our Class War Prisoners Are Flung
to Cough Their Lungs Out**

It was known as the Criminal Syndicalism Act. It was written by Governor Stephens and handed to Senator Kehoe who introduced it in the House. It was passed at a night session of the legislature and signed at midnight April 30, 1919. Hence, we find that May Day is the official birthday of the act. All of the legislators were in favor of it, even Paul Scharrenberg, the labor representative. It might be said here that the I. W. W. did not disapprove of it either, for they did not then nor do they now believe in the destruction of property. However, they did believe that the law should be enforced, inasmuch as it had been adopted and accordingly they expected to see the people who had raided their halls and destroyed their property, apprehended and punished.

No time was lost in making the law effective. It carried a clause that it would become a statute as soon as it was signed by the Governor. On May, 23rd, 1919 the first arrest was made under the new law. After that date one could pick up almost any newspaper and read of a raid on some labor hall. The members of the I. W. W. and the Communist Labor Party were the only ones against whom the law was used. In November of 1919 the first trial was held.

Months passed, each one adding to the brazen, underhanded methods of prosecution; each month seeing the list of arrests, trials and convictions growing. Five years passed and something snapped in the well organized method used by the powers. Convictions were not coming so easily; people were beginning to voice disapproval at the manner in which the arrests and trials were conducted and the reckless abandon so manifest in the spending of the public's money. Nothing was accomplished other than the imprisoning of innocent workers. So it came to pass that in the fall of

1924 a halt was called. Since that time there have been no arrests or convictions.

However, during those six years of strife the workers paid dearly. The following is a brief record and no attempt is made to make note of the number of arrests that were made for minor charges, where men were kept in jails for long periods without charges being placed against them.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Arrested and charged with violating C.S. Law | 504 |
| Trials held under the law | 94 |
| Men involved in trials | 264 |
| Dismissed during or without trial | 292 |
| Acquitted | 31 |
| Convicted | 164 |

Tactics Used To Gain Convictions

One hundred and sixty-four innocent workers were convicted because they had a principle and courage sufficient to fight for it. Today sixty-three of these men remain in prison. Many people may think that a man must have committed crime, otherwise he would not be arrested or sent to prison. Some day these people may be falsely arrested and then they will have an opportunity to hear their own case argued before a modern bar of Justice. Then they will realize that fully as many innocent people occupy prison cells as those guilty of crime.

In an effort to enlighten them and to explain this seeming incongruity we will briefly outline some of the methods used to gain arrests and convictions under this law.

A study of the law will show it to be one of the most adroitly constructed acts of any age. High courts have interpreted it after many fashions, but prejudice seems to be the chief interpreter as well as executive, in the application of the law.

Arrests were made in general throughout the state with little or no regard to the laws. Halls were raided, furnishings broken up and demolished. Men and women were beaten and on occasion children were scalded and men tarred and feathered.

At first the campaign against the militant workers was carried on extensively around the bay region of Oakland and San Francisco. Later other sections of the state took up the persecution.

Sacramento, for a time became the center of trials and judicial abandon. Here men were arrested as they stepped from the witness stand after they had given their testimony. They were held and later tried and convicted; despite the fact that they had been ordered into the county by the trial judge, who had ruled that none other than members of the accused organization could testify in behalf of the defendants.

The trials were mockeries of justice. Jurors were tampered with openly by the prosecution and paid off with automobiles and kindred articles of value. Witnesses were paid as high as \$250.00 a day by the state to give perjured testimony. In short, any and all means were used to secure convictions. Such tactics had to be employed.

It was the only way by which a conviction could be obtained, as no testimony was ever offered in any trial to prove that a defendant had committed an overt act.

Los Angeles County, tried more men under the law than any other county in the state. The methods used were similar to those in vogue in Sacramento. Outside the courts, the conditions surrounding the arrests were far worse than in any other county. Illegal raids, destruction of property, maiming of women and children, tarring and feathering of men characterized the methods of Los Angeles County.

Humboldt county vied with Los Angeles, in her methods of inhuman prosecution. The balance of the counties used similar barbarities.

Opinions Of The Justices

The State Supreme Court, in the McClennegen case ruled that membership in the Industrial Workers of the World was sufficient to warrant a conviction under this act. The Third Appellate Court in the Powell case further ruled that anyone who had contact with such a member was also guilty of violating the C. C. Law. However, the courts of the state differ. The Second Appellate Court, has consistently contended that mere membership was not sufficient to warrant a conviction.

In the Campbell case, the Third Appellate Court has this to say: "This court, however, in the past has had occasion to review and learn something of the alleged principles of the I. W. W. organization. . . and, while it is true that those principles disclosed that said organization and the members thereof entertained and stood for a paradoxical and singularly drastic notion of what a system of government of the peoples of the earth should be—a notion which there is every reason to believe is far beyond any hope of practical attainment—we cannot say that the mere teaching or advocacy of that system is beyond the pale of the constitutional right of any citizen. . . . There is nothing in the scheme itself which is inherently wrong or indicative of any criminal purpose in the organization or its members in advocating and teaching the same." (*Italics ours*)

In the case of James Roe, by the same court, we find the following paragraph: "The preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World very clearly illustrates their attitude or position towards the governments of this country. . . . Upon its face the foregoing does not appear to state more than an innocent or legitimate economic proposition. No one of sense and fairness will deny the right of the laboring classes to maintain an organization for proper self protection. No sensible or fair person will deny that equitable division of the profits accruing from the combined operation of capital and labor between these two essential elements of industrial progress and prosperity should be had. Nor is it a crime, per se, or, for that matter a crime at all, for a person or



LENA MILOS

This Little Wobbly Song Bird, 9 Years Old, Was Dipped By Fiends In a Cauldron of Boiling Coffee in the Raid on San Pedro I. W. W. Hall, June 14, 1924. Police Conspired To Assist This Almost Unbelievable Savagery By "Neutrality."

class of persons to advocate a scheme according to Utopian ideals for the government of the peoples of the earth and an equal distribution among all the people of the fruits of all material or industrial activity in all its manifold forms. Such a conditions, if practicable under the existing order of things in this world, would certainly present an ideal situation of the most exalted character."

And again we find this same court making contradictory rulings to the affect that men were guilty by merely belonging to an organization which they previously had acknowledged would be a benefit to society. What mockery is this?

**What Type of Men Are These?
Accused and Accuser**

Comes now the question, what manner of men were these who were so ruthlessly persecuted from the time of Montalvo down to this day and what manner of men were their persecutors?

The accused: Miners, sailors, lumberjacks, construction and agricultural workers constitute their number. They are pioneers, the vanguard of civilization, for they are the type of men who go ahead of all others and do the foundation work. The miner extracts ore from the bowels of the earth and in so doing ventures into the unknown abyss of which no one is certain; the sailor travels the seven seas in unseaworthy ships, discovering and chartering courses hitherto unknown; the lumberjack risks his life daily in order to bring to earth gigantic trees for wood products; the construction worker lays out railroads across trackless deserts and snow covered mountain ranges and the farmhand travels from state to state to harvest the crops that we all may eat.

Hard of hand and stern of face they have stood side by side maintaining their principles, facing whatever odds came their way. They visualize a beautiful world, wherein all society will share equally in all things of life. It is that dream for which they fight and it is altogether probable that a similar ideal held sway in the mind of Montalvo's seaman.

The accusers: Social parasites who live from the toil of others, constitute their number. California is today and has been for centuries a haven for these people. Unrestricted they flaunt a gilded, iron hand and all who fear, bow down. Henchmen do their bidding and it is these henchmen that are the active oppressors of the workers. Consider the type of men they are. Former Prosecutor Cowan of Sacramento deserted his wife and several children. It was he who waxed so eloquent in pleading for conviction of members of the I. W. W., saying that the accused were wreckers of the American home. Coutts and Townsend, witnesses for the prosecution, were all perjurers and degenerates. Busick, a judge, is noted for his lack of intelligence and for his inhuman practices. It is this class that is the real oppressor of the toilers. Now that the comparison is made, which class do you uphold, the accused or the accuser, the oppressed or the oppressor?

To avoid leaving the impression that in California alone such persecution has existed, the following statistics are offered. Sixteen states, Alaska and Hawaii have Criminal Syndicalism Laws. Fourteen states have peace time sedition acts. Two states have Criminal Anarchy Laws. Three states have laws against "The advocacy of revolution." Thirty states, Alaska and Hawaii have Red Flag and Insignia laws and ordinances. Eleven states have anti-sedition laws. It is, however, noteworthy in this instance that California has had more arrests and prosecutions under the C.S. Law than all of the rest of the states combined.

How Shall We Remedy These Conditions

Turing back the pages of labor history to May First, 1923, we find thousands of organized migratory workers on strike. These thousands controlled many times their number by reason of their organized strength. We see picket lines strung out from Central California to far into the Canadian woods, and from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. Countless ships lie idle in the harbors. To many of us today that strike does not amount to a great deal. To those of us who went



THE I. W. W. HALL AT SAN PEDRO
After the Hoodlums and Sadists of June 14th Got Through.
The Police Pretended To Have a Call In the Country
Just When the K. K. K. Descended on the Hall.

through it, understanding its real objective and rejoicing at its outcome, it is remembered as an effective method of gaining labor's rights.

The primary demand of that strike was the release of Class War Prisoners. Immediately after the strike was over it was announced that the President and Attorney General were reviewing the Federal case. Seven weeks after that strike these gentlemen offered many of the Federal Class War Prisoners a conditional release. Some accepted, some refused. All knew that there was small danger of May Day 1924 passing with them still in prison. Rather than suffer another such demonstration, we find that the powers of this land, saw to it that on a cool December morning the gates of Leavenworth prison swung ajar and all Federal Class War Prisoners were secure in the knowledge that economic power had wrested the bars that imprisoned them.

It is indeed a wonderful part of labor history to glance back over, but would it not be still more wonderful were an effective strike such as that of '23 to be re-enacted? It can be done and should be done. May Day is here and sixty-three



The San Pedro Raiding Monsters Poured Hot Grease on This Lad. Twelve-Year-Old Andrew Kuljis on Hospital Cot Scalded Nearly To Death.

men in California's Twin Hells wonder how our strike plans for their release are progressing.

Economic power did the same job in 1923. Let us profit by that experience. Let us use that same power today. Then and only then will our valiant fellow workers walk free from these modern infernos, aside from the day that their time is served. Strike now and strike hard.

READ

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May Day Message

By C. E. PAYNE

LIBERTY as a concrete fact does not exist.

Whether the human race shall ever attain to the point where liberty as a fact shall approximate the idea of liberty as an abstract proposition, is problematical. There are powerful forces at work, actively trying to prevent such a consummation, as may be instanced in the League of Nations, its proposed counterpart known as the World Court, and various international treaties. They would all rather see the whole human race doomed to extinction than allow freedom and equality to be established.

To enforce freedom and equality—and they must be enforced; no amount of palaver will ever establish them—we must have an active, enlightened and militant working class, knowing the course to pursue and having the determination to go the whole way. Any and all action, to gain any step toward freedom and hold it, must be the conscious action of intelligent workers.

Pseudo workers may point the road to freedom. But they can never lead the workers there. The going must be by the workers themselves and the workers must themselves overcome the obstacles they meet. When this point is fully understood by all, the progress toward liberty will be well begun; until it is realized, the workers will but turn the treadmill to grind the grists of capitalism, or some other system of slavery.

May Day, above all others, should not be a day of exuberant boasting about our glowing dreams of solidarity and brotherhood. It should be a day of action and planning by the workers to take the value of the wealth they produce in ever larger proportions. It is only as they take—not reduce, but take—the wealth of the world for themselves that they can gain to the liberty so ardently dreamed of by every submerged group of the workers the world over.

It is only on the wealth of the world that liberty can be firmly founded. It is only when that wealth is the equal heritage of all that human equality can be a fact. It is only in reaching out for that wealth that the workers are truly advancing toward liberty and human equality.

From the standpoint of the workers, all else is piffle.



To British Labor

By ROBERT WHITAKER

WE HAIL you! England's workers,
Whose fathers led the van
When the world-miracle was wrought
That to the shores of Albion brought
Every device of man;
And labor in a day achieved
More than the ages had believed
Man's skill could ever span.

YOU who have fed the shirkers
All these transforming years;
Have suffered them to lord your soil,
Sup on the cream of all your toil,
And sell your blood and tears,
The while they boasted better birth
Than yours, who have redeemed the earth,
And fed you snubs and sneers.

IT is full time for action;
Time for that crucial stand
When England's workers, massed as one,
Shall dare the task so well begun,
And shall possess the land;
And lead the human van once more,
Until they quicken every shore
For labor's world command.

THEN down with any faction
That counsels weak retreat.
If for the pittance of the day
Labor must stand, let labor say:
"Whatever woes we meet,
No brother's portion will we yield;
One cause we know, and but one field."
And there is no defeat.

BOOK REVIEWS

"Whither England?" is the best book that Leon Trotsky has written. It is a searching analysis of the economic and political decline of

The Lion's English supremacy, and a study of the classes, parties and persons engaged in the English class struggle.

Long Shadow On the one side are shown all those bending their efforts to preserve the status quo; on the other those whose activities are directed toward destroying existing conditions by revolutionary methods.

In the "Preface for America" he shows his object in putting the title in a query form:

"The inference to which I am led by my study is that England is heading rapidly toward an era of great revolutionary upheavals."

He declares that in spite of all the cant and flapdoodle of Messrs. J. Ramsey McDonald and other Labor Party lickspittles of "gradualness," there is in England a class struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat which is not to be liquidated by misinformation, by chanting psalms or by attempts at peaceful social revolution through application of the legalistic apparatus of capitalist democracy. Trotsky calls for the destruction of the present ruling class, and for the establishment of a supreme proletarian power.

In order to do this he believes that Labor Party purification is a primary requisite, and that the workers must be educated on the fallacy of gradualness, or evolutionary, non-violent approaches to their emancipation. It is wrong to mislead them into believing that they can accomplish their socio-economic deliveration without sharp, armed conflict with a decadent, but very desperate, ruling class, and that the workers' mentality should be made to compass this truth so that they can prepare for their gigantic task.

Trotsky scathingly belittles MacDonald, Smillie, Lansbury, Clynes, Thomas, the Snowdens, the Webbs and the rest of that polyglot assortment of Christian, pacifistic, hypocritical, crown-loving apostles of class collaboration who have found their way into the Labor Party, and from their vantage point are attempting to reduce the workers to such impotence that they will continue to be easy victims to those interested in their political expropriation. His method is explained in these words:

"Our exposition, for the most part, will be critical and polemical in character. History is made by men; the evaluation of the living forces producing the history of the present can not be otherwise than active. In order to learn what are the classes, parties, and party leaders engaged in the struggle, and what the morrow will bring for them,

we must work our way through a mass of political complications, lies, hypocrisies, of an all pervading parliamentary 'cant'. Under these circumstances, the polemical method is the necessary method of political analysis."

In his opinion the parliamentary procedure is useful for propaganda, but he makes it quite clear that just as the Roundheads ousted their class enemies from Parliament in the 17th Century, so too, the victorious Labor Party must learn the lessons of Puritan revolutionary mettle, and set up a dictatorship through a transitional period in which the new order is gaining strength and suppressing counter-revolution.

He does not content himself with unsupported statements. He says that these acts must be performed, but he attempts to prove from concrete examples that the revolutionary crisis is imminent and that the trade unions can not save themselves from destruction unless they act as the revolutionary vanguard, strangling the English bourgeoisie into submission, and then destroying it.

He quotes Baldwin's parliamentary casuistry of pacifism. In the House of Commons the premier vowed, "We shall under no circumstances shoot first." Laborites applauded and solemnly chorused their asinine "amen" when this aristocratic exploiter and crooked mouthpiece of the world's most piratical political stratum wound up his pious twaddle with a "Give us piece in our time, O Lord!"

Peace to go on cheating the Chinese, driving the Egyptians, starving the Hindus, rending Ireland and a few other holy practises of this most democratic of all governments, to say nothing of skinning the "limeys" themselves.

Anticipating that the secret service systems of England and America will interpret his book as an effort to get propaganda across he says: "To accuse me of revolutionary meddling in the affairs of foreign countries, on the basis of such statements, (that England is going swiftly toward social revolution. P. C.) would be almost equivalent to accusing the astronomer of bringing about a solar eclipse because he had predicted its occurrence."

Beside other forces compelling England to rush directly to revolution he says that the Russian Government is comparatively conservative. "Morgan, Dawes, Julius Barnes—these are the artificers of the approaching revolution."

Of the United States he says: "In revolutionary development America does not stand in the front rank; the American bourgeoisie will still enjoy the privilege of witnessing the destruction of its older European sister. But the inevitable hour

will strike for American capitalism also; the American oil and steel magnates, trust and export leaders, the multimillionnaires of New York, Chicago and San Francisco are performing—though unconsciously—their predestined revolutionary function. And the American proletariat will ultimately discharge theirs.”

All this is very interesting, even inspiring, and of course highly instructive. But we should like to know “Whither America?” and hear from the same author on our class problem because, after all, England is far off and our situation is not analogous to that of Britain. We have no labor party here, and we don’t want any. Most of us regard attempts to create one a waste of revolutionary energy. The English House of Commons seated several hundred members of the Labor Party. The United States Congress kicked out the lonely, milk-sopping Berger, and our effulgent Empire State could not tolerate in its immaculate Albany legislature five properly elected socialists. The democratic and republican brethren united to eject them and the comrades hit the skids.

Germany had its strong Social-Democratic representation in the Reichstag, and it failed the workers when faced by the war crisis, and later the Ebert crowd formed a coalition with the bourgeois, incidentally uniting in the murder of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg in the post-war reaction.

Then there is France with her Vivianis, Millerands, Briands and the rest of the wolves. Are we American slaves, or slaves in America, to try for a chance at debates in legislatures? The advocates of economic direct action think not. The I. W. W. teaches that workers must unite by industries, mutually supported, to seize the land and the industries.

This is satisfyingly pertinent. There is no circumlocution about our program. However, we believe that the revolution is so near, not only for England but for the whole world, the United States probably lagging behind Europe as Trotsky says, that we shall be spared the parliamentary experiment and disappointment. Trotsky says that when the Labor Party with parliamentary majority to justify it takes its first, great step, the one to nationalize the mines, the British Fascisti will begin the revolution with bullets. The temper of the arrogant rulers of America will not even allow anything like a legislative majority of labor members, and our approach is manifestly not to be prosecuted through such avenues. By direct action in the industries the American proletariat will ultimately discharge their revolutionary function. Let us organize for a terrific conflict, without opportunism and without compromise, but steered to determined effort to take the whole works.

—Paul Conrad.

“WHITHER ENGLAND?” by Leon Trotsky, International Publishers, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York. Price, \$1.75.

In presenting reviews of these books I am motivated by an opinion of their excellence and also by the fact that they have not been reviewed previously in our press. They are, I believe, worthy of serious examination by all revolutionists.

THREE GOOD BOOKS

Although it has been some eighteen years since I first entered the revolutionary movement, and although I have read innumerable utopian pieces of fiction, I had successfully run the gauntlet without encountering Howells’s delightful tale “A Traveler From Altruria,” till I discovered it in the catalogue of the Chicago Public Library. In conception and execution the book is excellent, and deserves a place among the classics of the movement.

A Mr. Homos, citizen of Altruria, visits a popular author, Mr. Twelvemouth, at a popular summer resort. His first extensive contact with life under capitalism begins with a group consisting of a banker, a manufacturer, a preacher, a lawyer, a doctor, and a female of the gushing, notoriety seeking type.

Mr. Homos, obviously an educated and cultured man, typical of all Altrurians, violates numerous taboos of the ruling class at the resort because of his generous and social nature, a product of Altrurian life. His total inability to harmonize the blah-blah about the worth of labor and the real social position of the actual useful workers, together with the conversation and comment of the various characters upon life, are the spice of the book. Ever since reading it I have been obsessed with a desire to have a Mr. Homos Jr. visit these scenes and as it seems that this desire is so persistent that I cannot do other than yield to it, the world may be burdened with still another work of this kind. The only hope of mankind escaping this impending evil will lie in my lack of ability.

Some three years ago I first purchased and read, with delight, a copy of “The Next Step.” I was then deeply impressed by it, the events happening, since my first reading of it have, to my mind, rendered this work of great importance. It is not fiction, but a serious study of a possible social structure of the future. I have, however, come into contact with but few people in the revolutionary movement who have read it and I believe that it should be widely circulated and perused by every revolutionist.

The author starts with the assertion that the next step in social organization must be the economic organization of all of the affairs of life into “A World’s Producers’ Society” with a central organization with jurisdiction universal in scope in so far as universal problems are concerned; conditioned by a world’s parliament organized on the basis of self-governing industrial groups.

The social organization set forth by the author would proceed step by step from “local, district,

and division to world Industrial groups." In this ascending series of federations or joint organizations "The principle of local autonomy will be maintained in all its rigor."

"Economic federation with local groups enjoying local autonomy in all local matters" rather than "economic bureaucracy, involving the concentration of economic authority in the hands of a centralized group," is set forth as a necessary requirement for the successful operation of such a social structure. Since "concentration of authority is a denial of" and results in "a corresponding loss of local initiative."

On this question the author says: "The individual cannot be expected to exert himself where there is no apparent connection between the effort expended and the return for his effort, neither can he be expected to exert himself in the interest of economic machinery that belongs to some one else. His interest can be maintained only by the hope of a return for the effort that he expends, and by a sense of control over the job on which he works. Among the various experiments that society has tried, in an effort to attain these ends, none has been more successful than self-government."

"Behaviorism" is a book consisting of a series of lectures delivered by the author to classes. It is composed in a style that makes it both easy and interesting reading for the layman, yet within its covers the author has given a complete statement of the Behavioristic Psychological School.

The older schools of psychology have assumed that "consciousness" must be the subject matter of psychology. With this assumption the behaviorist will have nothing to do. What is this "consciousness" they challenge? Merely an evolution of the idea of the soul, they say, and all introspectionists find upon analysis of consciousness "exactly what they by assumption put into it"—nothing more.

Then what is the subject matter with which psychology should concern itself? Behavior and the stimuli which bring about particular responses, they answer. To the behaviorist, human nature i.e., behavior, is one of the most modifiable things imaginable. "If you decide that the human organism should behave in this way, you must arrange conditions of such and such kind." That an intelligent person can "by training in principles and particulars" be almost remade in a few weeks time is one of the assertions of the author.

The ancient superstitions, instincts and inherited talent, are also challenged. " . . . regardless of the geological age, or geographical zone or station in life of the parents within the limits of individual variation man is born with the same general set of responses."

On any assumption of innate superiority of any race the author frowns. "I defy anyone to take these infants at birth (black and yellow), study their behavior, mark off the differences in behav-

ior that will characterize white from black and white or black from yellow. There will be difference in behavior but the burden of proof is upon the individual be he biologist or eugenicist who claims that these racial differences are greater than individual differences."

The developments which are usually attributed to inheritance of "mental" traits, (instincts, talent, etc.,) are accounted for, quite logically, by variations in structure, habit formation and conditioning circumstances. "Our hereditary structure lies ready to be shaped in a thousand different ways." The same structure, mind you, depending upon the way in which the child is brought up.

The author used the boomerang to illustrate the value or importance of structures. The action of the boomerang of course is dependent upon its particular structure and not upon innate consciousness or instinct. A change in structure naturally changes its action.

In some interesting comments on how we think the author places no "more emphasis upon the brain and spinal cord, than upon the striped muscles of the body, the plain muscles of the stomach or the glands." In other words we think with the body and are creatures of habit and responses rather than mentally directed vehicles.

One might well compare this scientific work with Twain's essay on "What Is Man?" The conclusions are largely the same. This school of psychology is one that every revolutionist should be familiar with. It has demonstrated that all of the bogies of the apologists of the old order are unsound.

—Warren Lamson.

A TRAVELER FROM ALTRURIA, by William Dean Howells, 1908.

THE NEXT STEP, by Scott Nearing.

BEHAVIORISM, by J. B. Watson, Peoples' Institute Publishing Co., New York. Price, \$2.50.

There is a great deal of information about productivity, wealth distribution, legal crime, unemployment, political nepotism, **Good Analysis**; bank schemes, persecution of **Bad Conclusion**. workers and many other matters of the greatest interest to the working class in Upton Sinclair's new pamphlet—"Letters to Judd"—all very engrossingly written and in the short space of 64 pages. Sinclair goes after the corruption of the system in the slam-bang way in which he always attacks the exploiters; with his eyes open and his head cool.

But when he concludes that the workers should buy out the robbers, saying that it is cheaper and less violent than confiscation, he reckons without his hosts. The present amassed wealth in capitalist hands is of course very dear to its owners, but dearer still is their ownership of the productive machinery and the land by which they retain their prerogatives and hope to accumulate immensely

greater wealth and the power it guarantees. To think that they will relinquish it without the bitterest fight is certainly utopian, and Sinclair seems to think, though he doesn't say so, that if we elect him Governor of California (with the votes we haven't got) and some other socialists to the different law making and executive seats, we can eventually secure such parliamentary strength that the legislative decree will provide for the abolition of private property in the great social tools via compensation for the robbers of all the wealth which we, the workers, have created. He says that "Young Johnny Coaloil will still be able to keep his yacht and his chorus girls on the Riviera, and Mrs. Silly Splash will continue to wear diamond-embroidered bathing suits at Palm Beach. . . ."

Is that so? Well, not by a damsite! Johnny Coaloil will be put on the business end of a Number 2, and some useful work will be found for the erstwhile rich female parasites, and the chorus girls will serve either as real artists or do some directly productive work. If this be a vengeful spirit, Upton, then make the most of it. It is an insult to the intelligence of a working stiff to tell him and his fellow workers to buy out the rich. We couldn't buy if we wanted to, and if we could muster sufficient organized strength to decide that we should force ourselves on the bosses as purchasers of the productive tools, we should by that very fact have the power to take those tools, and put the bosses to work. The only way to get the power to dispossess the boss is to organize the industries.

—Oscar Johnson.

LETTERS TO JUDD, by Upton Sinclair, published by the author at Pasadena, California. Price, 15 cents.

To radicals Sinclair's "The Goose Step" and "The Goslings" are familiar revelations of schemes for controlling the American educational system. From the sage of **Kaleidoscopic Impressions** Pasadena we knew what was coming when he gave advance notices of these studies. But occasionally other non-conformists spring up suddenly and have their fling at showing up the educational machine for the class ruled monster that it is.

For his contribution in this respect, more than for any particular literary merit, Melvin P. Levy is worth reading in "Matrix." The story is obviously autobiographical; a record of impressions registered on its hero's mind from early childhood, through youth and into manhood, with the end a sort of souvenir telling what became of Robert McKim after commercialism forced him away from his love of literature to business success, and in the natural order of things, to a grave decorated

profusely with floral masterpieces from the nation's leading Kiwanis.

Much of the snobbery of college life is depicted, and there are paragraphs like these about the teachers which, I think, are not entirely fictitious:

"There is Markley the etymologist. Heavy, obtuse volumes issue from his pen: he is secretary of the Phi Beta Kappa; he is an epileptic. . . ."

"Dutton is an anthropologist, young, cynical, brilliant, underpaid. He is suspect of being a Jew."

"Livingston, calm and handsome, wearing his Oxford ermine with dignity, is a teacher of English. His classes are filled with beautiful girls who are attracted by his person and his amusing lectures. . . ."

Another paragraph says that all college preparation is done to produce fitter human business machines, and the profs in the Business Administration part of the institution (Almost any large university will show the same thing, but Levy is talking of the University of Washington in Seattle) are the best paid. Why not? Culture is a secondary consideration; skinning workers is the big thing in life for Babbitts, and those who know how to teach the best methods for good skinning have a high price.

The author should continue to write, because that is the only way to learn the art, and already he shows promise.

—Max Sterne.

MATRIX, by Melvin P. Levy, Thomas Seltzer. New York. Price, \$2.00.



The Slave

By HENRY GEORGE WEISS

THE first intimation that he was a slave came to Gilbert Dowson at the age of twelve. Forces—economic forces of which he knew nothing—ordained that he should leave school and go to work; made it imperative that he should stand ten weary hours a day in front of a long, wide board table and cut, endlessly cut, mile after mile of coat-canvasing into various shapes and designs. Day after day; week after week; cut; chalk out; ply up; cut; for four weary years.

He did not want to do it. His whole soul rebelled against doing it. He wanted to continue going to school. Young as he was he had seen a vision. Something within him had responded to a line of poetry, a rounded period of prose. The lesson books—history, geography, grammar; the staple books of learning—hitherto so dull began to take on the aspect of a golden road that would lead to the gate of knowledge, the gate that would swing wide to let him enter into the fellowship of poets, philosophers, writers. Not that he consciously put it so to himself; but he felt an inspiration lightening the monotonous repetition of a conjugation, the innocuous recital of some general's exploits, the laborious memorizing of a country's exports. Then, blasting the budding flower of his intellect, Work!

An older sister had become too ill to toil longer in the cotton factory; an elder brother had married, thus taking his meagre board-money from the family income.

"It isn't as if it were the Mill," his mother said placatingly when he voiced his objections to the job. "It'll be nicer at Clyde's. You'll learn to be a cutter, and that's a good trade. Besides we need your wages."

Wages!

Three dollars a week. Twelve dollars a month. The pitifulness of it! But twelve dollars a month would come near to paying the rent for the tumble-down shack in which they lived. So to Clyde's he went. He stormed, he wept, he pled. Incoherent words rushed pell-mell from his tongue. Couldn't they see! He wanted—wanted—What did he want? What was this thing he craved so blindly, to them, so foolishly? He couldn't answer. He didn't know. It was vague, even to, himself. Just the hunger for something something.

Ah, hunger!

There was the hunger of six little brothers and sisters. And the need of a girl who had toiled to bring him up, the others up. She needed broths, medicines. And the father—the shabby, prematurely gray and stooped father—only made eighty dollars a month! He was chronically tired, this

father of his, from working fifteen, eighteen, yes, and sometimes the whole twenty-four hours a day. In debt. To the butcher, the doctor, the grocer. What was the desire of a boy for schooling, education, culture, to the insistent demand of creditors for money, money; to the craving of hungry mouths for food, food; to the hacking cough of a dying girl calling for medicines, medicines?

But he only saw his father ordering him, his mother denying him. He felt that he was a slave to them, their whims; that they drove him cruelly and without thought. He saw only them, and not the force behind them which dictated their actions. In a sense he grew to hate them. Not really hate. No. For he loved his father who was hard on him in nothing else; his mother, who contrived little luxuries for his lunch and petted and praised him. But a sense of injury grew in him, nevertheless.

The shop—that vast room where half a hundred men labored to clip into shape the bolts of cloth of all colors and descriptions—pressed in on him like the walls of a prison for four weary years. Years of coarseness, vulgarity; years of obscenities, degradations; years when he tried to ape the manners, the mouthings of his ignorant fellow slaves.

There were girls—the sewing-machine girls—who sweated in another vast cavern above the one in which he labored. Pretty girls, ugly girls, suggestive girls. Girls who leaned their bodies sensuously against his; girls whom he hugged in the passageway, took liberties with in the corners. Girls who seemed to flame his blood, sear his flesh. Yet only girls working as he was working, slaving as he was slaving. Modest girls being made bold; bold girls laughing at the timidity of raw youth. All a welter of hot animal emotions, unrestrained by intellect, unadorned with thought.

He reacted to his environment by becoming as sordid as the men around him; yet instead of dulling mentally as did they, his brain soared beyond the confines of the job in a thousand day dreams. His tongue asked himself a million questions. Of this, of that. He lived the life of the place; loathed the life of the place; fled like a convict every night from the place. Fled to the streets; the long lighted streets; the streets that he walked with other youths, following the girls. Mashing.

"Where you goin'?"

"Where do you think?"

"My way, kid."

"Say! if you get fresh with me. . . ."

That was the routine of it. The give and take.

Sometimes he picked a girl up. Then there would be ten cent speers. Ice-cream, soda pop; home at midnight; bed; back in the morning to the treadmill, heavy-eyed, reluctant. This the round of the week; this the tenor of the days. Drab, colorless, bestial. Living the life of his kind; yet rebellious. By a strange quirk of the brain, by the functioning of a cell over which he had no control. With the thought of escape now active, now latent. Reading, reading, here and there. Glimpsing beauties, sensing truths. Until one day the bars were wrenched asunder and he came out of his cage; came out over the body of the sister who had died; over the coffin of his brother's wife who had succumbed to an attack of influenza. Came out of his cage—or so he thought.

"You can go back to school, if you want to," his sad-faced mother said. "I guess we can manage it—now."

So back to his studies he went. Back to the school-world of which he had dreamed. Only to find himself an alien; a being from another plane. Out of touch with his schoolmates who were younger than he. Feeling old in comparison. Incredibly old and awkward. To them he was queer. They made fun of him. The teacher thought him an oddity. Resented him, rather. Somehow he couldn't seem to learn. He stammered when he spoke. Was unable to co-ordinate his longing for knowledge into words that would adequately question, explain.

Six months of dogged struggle took place. Six months of mental, of physical torture, when he dragged himself to his classes by sheer strength of will. Then he quit.

What was the use? He was a failure. What had he made in arithmetic? Thirty! History? Ah, he had made ninety there! But that seemed a fluke, for in geography and grammar he had failed miserably. Why had he failed in grammar? When he wanted to juggle words. When he spent hours proving over rules. But the rules seemed to elude his memory. Perhaps his brain was deadened with the monotonous toil implied in four years of snipping; four years of breathing in lint, sordidness, vulgarity. He did not reason about it. He knew only something had gone from the books he had craved; some glamor departed from the printed word; that he couldn't concentrate, study; that something in the atmosphere of the schoolroom, in the attitude of the scholars and the teacher, embarrassed him, smothered him, drove him from their midst.

So back to work he went again. Not to the cutting room. No! He would have died before doing that. But this time on the water front, where he found part time employment loading freight cars for a railroad company. He was big for his age; strong; so he heaved the boxes and bales, wheeled the truck, and made twenty-five cents an hour. Sometimes he made two-fifty a day. Wealth! Came a period of drinking, smoking, carousing; of seeking women: the kind that

sold themselves a dozen times a night for the doubtful privilege of living in Munk the Jew's horrible dive. But through it all thinking, thinking. By a strange quirk of the brain, by the functioning of a cell over which he had no control. Endlessly saying to his mother, his brother, himself:

"If I only hadn't left school the first time."

A vast resentment filled his being.

"When I could have learned," he said bitterly, "you drove me to work like a slave."

A slave! That's all he would ever be. First it had been to his family; now it was to ignorance, lust.

Thus he worked, loafed, sinned, pondered; embittered, muddled; until he met Jane. Just a simple girl. Sweet, alluring. Going to high school. He made broken confessions to her; read with her; studied with her; and, of course, fell in love with her. Once more there was glamor on the printed page; once more the bars were wrenched asunder—this time by the miracle of love—and he came forth from his cage—or so he thought; because the new cage was much roomier than the old one, much lighter, and blessed by the presence of the girl he desired.

Within twelve months of their meeting, he married her; according to the Catholic rites; adopting her religion.

What did it matter? Religion meant nothing to him but pleasing her. So he turned from his Protestant faith. Mass, Communion? Holy enough with her by his side. Thus he reasoned. But in time he became conscious of the bars of this new cage. One year, two years. No further this way. Three years, four years. No further that way. To left, to right. Bars. She had discovered for him the public library; then he discovered books for himself. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable; his intellect out-soared hers.

"Tell me—why mustn't I read Kant?"

"It is forbidden. The Church. . . ."

"The Church be damned!"

Tears. Recriminations. Making up. Going to confession to please her. Forgiveness. Temptation again.

"Why mustn't I read Ingersoll?"

"Oh, he is terrible!"

"Darwin?"

"He's an atheist."

"The Age of Reason?"

"Is forbidden."

He rebelled.

"You must talk to Father John."

Talks, talks, talks. With the priest. Genesis versus science; evolution versus theology.

"What proof have I the Church is right?"

"You must have faith, my son."

Faith, faith. Surrender reason for faith. Blindly believe what blinder men told. His spirit rebelled; his intellect refused. Yet he paced his cage. Curbed his tongue. Hid his books. Until

the flesh revolted. Until the words kept running through his brain:

"I am a slave to a priest-ridden woman; to a church that peddles superstition and fear!"

Then as he was struggling chaotically with his doubts, his fears, came the strike of longshoremen and checkers. He was working as a longshoreman and belonged to the union, of course; but that had been a matter of routine; something he had never bothered his head about. Not once had he gone to a union meeting. But now the union had called him out; had called five hundred other men out. Because the gangs worked fifteen hours a day for a week at a time. (This was in 1912). Sometimes the night through to finish a ship. Because the wages are low. God knows they were! Though Jane scrimped and managed, the children went poorly shod and insufficiently clothed. But he had accepted low wages and long hours as a necessary evil. Something to be borne with fortitude. But now there were strike leaders telling him that they need be borne no longer. Strange phrases began to be heard. He did not understand them. They were strange to him. Socialism! He had thought he knew what that word implied. A foolish idea of dividing everything up among

the workers. But now he was bewildered. He did not know what to think. Until the night the police loaded him and several other strikers into a patrol for the terrible crime of picketing. There was a gash on the side of his head. A policeman's club had done that. As he mechanically wiped away the blood trickling down his face he thought. Never had he thought more clearly. Those pamphlets he had read. He pondered them over. The speeches he had heard. On the corners of the streets, in his union hall. They rang in his ears. He began to understand. His hands clenched; his jaw set. Behind the police, the law, he began to sense it, to see it. Gigantic, ruthless. And he had blamed his poor, stooped, overworked father, his sallow, dispirited mother. Fool that he was! On them he had laid the onus of his dispoiled childhood when the blame laid elsewhere.

All the smouldering resentment, of his being crystallized into burning hatred—hatred of the monstrous, the soulless thing that overshadowed him with its bulk. He knew his enemy at last.

He had been, he was, not the slave of his father, his mother, his wife, his employers, but the slave of the cold, remorseless complement of them all—THE SYSTEM!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Industrial Pioneer, published Monthly at 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill., for April 1, 1926.
STATE OF ILLINOIS)
COUNTY OF COOK) ss.

Before, me a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James Sullivan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Industrial Pioneer, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher The Industrial Workers of the World, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Editor John A. Gahan, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Business Manager James Sullivan, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

2. That the owners are:
The Industrial Workers of the World, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
John I. Turner, General Secretary-Treas., 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Edw. E. Anderson, Chairman Executive Board, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

James Sullivan, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

Gustav Ehlers
(My commission expires July 30, 1928.)

(SEAL)

IN THE JUNE PIONEER

WHAT EVERY SCHOOLBOY KNOWS—

This is a Daniel Tower feature on Imperialism in the Philippines.

THE SINISTER SYNDICATE—Albert Wehde has written for us an exclusive, amazing story of crime in Chicago.

SOCIALIZED INVENTION—A brand new contribution to revolutionary thought engrossingly written by A Civil Engineer.

THE ERIE CANAL—is T. P. Sullivan's informative, absorbing, illustrated article on "Revolutionizing Clinton's 'Big Ditch.'"

Also a powerful story on the latest phases of child labor, and another on "Oil and Empire." This is a partial list of the good things you'll get next month in the world's leading revolutionary magazine. Subscribe!

JUNE BOOK REVIEWS

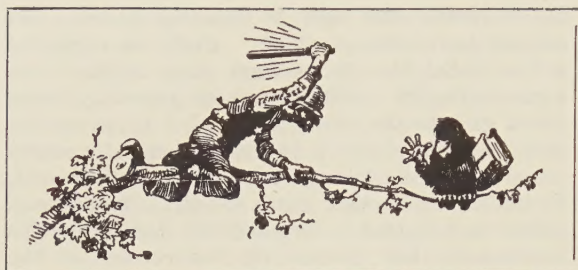
Martin's **PSYCHOLOGY**

O'Neill's **THE GREAT GOD BROWN, THE FOUNTAIN AND OTHER PLAYS**

Hammonds' **RISE OF MODERN INDUSTRY**

Bakeless's **ORIGIN OF THE NEXT WAR**

Saposs's **LEFT WING UNIONISM**



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Reliable, steady, intelligent, well-recommended man, from twenty-five to sixty years of age, to sell farmers in this State."—Ad in Minnesota paper.

.....

A CURÉ IN THE ZOO

A provincial French priest, troubled by tales of Darwin visited a monkey house where a chimpanzee proceeded to mimic the good man. Fascinated, he clapped his hands; the chimp did likewise. When the priest nursed his chin Mr. Simian rubbed his own, and when the abbe scratched his head in wonder the chimp, very naturally, began scratching his own cranium. It was getting beyond the father.

Then, mindful of his holy calling, the priest, brows thoughtfully wrinkled, said:

"Say ONE word, you devil, and I'll baptize you!"



"... well ... what d'ye want now?"
"The earth!"

.....

GOOD PHYSIOLOGY

Youngster (aged 10): We have a dumb girl in school. The teacher in hygiene asked her where digestion took place and she said in the Panama Canal.

Father: Well, where does it take place?

Youngster: Why, in the complementary canal.

.....

CANINE LITERATI

"Lay down, pup. Lay down. That's a good doggie. Lay down, I tell you."

"Mister, you'll have to say, 'Lie down'. He's a Boston terrier."

.....

Long enough have we believed, now we want to know.—**Buckner.**

AND CODGERS

Teacher (junior geography class): What are the principal agricultural products of Cape Cod?

Charles: Cod liver oil and codfish balls.

.....

FIGURE IT OUT

Tim: I attended a wooden wedding today.

Eddie: Who got married?

Tim: Two Poles.

.....

RAILROADER

Cutor: (examining Wobbly witness in a California C.S. case) I work for wages. Now what industrial union would you fellows put me in?

Wobbly: In the Railroad Workers' Industrial Union.

Cutor: Railroad workers?

Wobbly: Sure. Your business is railroading workers to the penitentiaries and jails.

.....

A COUPLE FROM T-BONE

Scissor: (sharply) I tell you it can't be done! They'll sell out. Every man has his price!

Wobbly: (impressively) That's right! They'll sell out—for the full product of their toil. Nothing less.

.....

Brakeman: (in high dungeon) What! You haven't a union card? And you've got the nerve to ride this train! Get off—UNLOAD!—Yes, both of you. Why you're worse off than a ship without a rudder!

First Hobo: (as they are going) Wot did he say, a stiff without a brother?

Second Hobo: (peevd) Naw, he said a ship without a rudder—darn him!

First Hobo: (thinking) Well, I guess he's right. We don't seem to be getting anywhere.

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